National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 28. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868. WHOLE NO. 1,484.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At Its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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THE SOUTH.

A MONTH OF ASSASSINATIONS.

RUSSIA has been styled a despotism tempered by assassination. Is America a democracy diversified by murder? Read the long catalogue of political assassinations committed by the Democratic party within a month:

In North Carolina, on September 27th, at Ashpole, Robeson Co., at the house of Roderick Hill, a Republican, and Clerk of the County Court, while his daughter was in the act of being married to a young man, also a Republican, the bride was shot and severely wounded, and the bridegroom shot to death instantly, by the followers of Seymour and Blair. The sole offenses of the victims of this horrid double murder were respectability and Republicanism.

In South Carolina, in the seacoast districts, where the negroes are three or four times as numerous as the whites, all is peaceful and orderly. There, Democratic orators, black and white, hobnob together at the same barbecues; Democratic politicians address the negroes, and colored Democratic orators dispense instruction on the financial questions of the hour to applauding Caucasians of the Seymour persuasion. There, where they are weak, Democratic Central Committees issue addresses deprecating the assassinations and murders committed by members of their own party in the "hill country" of the State, where the blacks are fewer, and the Democrats more virulent. It is the old story of—

> When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

The Hon. James Martin, a moderate and very quiet Republican member of the Legislature for the Abbeville district, was assassinated on October 6th by four Democrats. The agent of the Freedmen's Bureau reports eighteen murders in this district, and resigns because it is too "hot" for him. On the 16th the Hon. B. F. Randolph, a colored State Senator of South Carolina, while engaged in "stumping" his district for Grant and and Colfax, was murdered by three Seymourites in front of the depot at Cokesburg, Abbeville County. On the 19th the Hon. Lee Nance, a member of the State Constitutional Convention, was murdered at Newberry Court House. About the same time, the Hon. G. W. Dill, a prominent Republican, Peleg Cornell, a young man from New York, and a freedman travelling with him, and two freedmen named Tabby Simpson and Johnson Gloscoe, were murdered for advocating the Grant and Colfax ticket.

In Georgia, Col. A. T. Akerman, one of the ablest lawyers of the State, an old resident, now an elector on the Grant ticket, was refused permission to stop at any public house in Lincolnton, while court was sitting there, because the landlords feared the destruction of their premises and a riot. His only offence was supporting Grant and Colfax. In Ware County, a citizen of the North had invested his entire capital in building a saw-mill which would have greatly benefitted that region. No sooner had he completed it than the Seymour men of the county, disguising themselves as negroes, mobbed him, gave him seventy-six lashes with a rawhide, drove him penniless out of the county, and took possession of his mill. W. S. Walker, a Republican speaker, of Early County, Ga., and Charles Taylor, a black man who accompanied him, were murdered for holding meetings for Grant and Colfax. In another county, two Republican speakers were waited upon at their lodgings at night by the Ku-Klux, under pretense that the latter were coon-hunting, and wanted to relight their torches. No sooner were the doors opened than a volley was fired into the house, killing the innocent hosts, who had not even committed the offence of working to elect Grant and Colfax. We say nothing of the Camilla massacre, and other outrages which disgraced the State of Georgia during September, and which cost the lives of about 100 persons.

In Alabama, either from the extraordinary tranquility of the State, or the inadequate means of obtaining information, the month's record of crime is confined to the murder of the President of a Loyal League.

In Louisiana, we hear of the mobbing and clubbing of Mr. Bentley, editor of *The St. Landry Progress*, at Opelousas, the destruction of his newspaper and office, the lynching and murder of his co-editor, Mr. Durand, and a Democratic reign of riot, blood and terror, in which about one hundred negroes were killed and fifty wounded, while four whites are wounded and none killed. As the riot was accompanied by a general disarming of the negroes, the great disparity of loss between the two parties may doubtless be accounted for upon the theory that the blacks were first disarmed and slaughtered afterward. At Shreveport, Louisiana, fifteen Republicans and three Seymourites were killed in a melee. On October 18th, a Seymour mob destroys the office of *The Rapides Tribune* at Alexandria, Louisiana. Near the same time the Sheriff of Iberville (Rep.) is murdered in his bed, and Judge Valentine Chase and Gen. H. H. Pope, the Sheriff of Franklin County, and formerly Colonel of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment, and a Justice of the Peace in Cadda Parish, are all murdered. About the 24th and 25th the Seymour Knights of the Parish of St. Barnard, adjoining New Orleans, killed several negroes. In the melee a baker and his son kill a colored member of the new metropolitan police. The blacks retaliate by killing the murderers and burning their bakery. The rebel statement that women and children were killed in the affair proves to be untrue. Forthwith the Democratic Seymour Clubs of New Orleans are in a blaze. They parade the streets night and day, demand and obtain the expulsion of 200 colored members from the police force, and render it impossible for black men to appear in the streets. Meanwhile, the control of the police is tendered to "Tommy Adams," who was its chief when New Orleans was under the Confederacy and the rebel element was rampant and jubilant. The Committee of the Louisiana Legislature appointed to investigate recent violence in that State report 204 persons killed, fifty-one wounded, and one hundred and forty-three assailed.

In Texas, on October 5th, Adjutant George Washington Smith, who had entered the Union armies as a private, served with gallantry through the war, and settled in Texas in 1865, died fighting singly about 300 armed ruffians of the Ku-Klux-Klan. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, a supporter of Grant and Colfax, temperate, talented, of remarkable personal virtues, brave, yet cool—one of just that class of men that Texas needs for its redemption. On the 3d he had addressed a Republican meeting in Marion County, and as soon as the meeting dispersed he was attacked by six or eight "friends of the Constitution," whom he drove off after exchanging several shots. Placing himself under the protection of Major Curtis, who had only twenty United States troops under his command, it was thought than the jail would be safer against rebel attack that any other place in which he could be lodged. Major Curtis telegraphed for more troops, but under rebel advices that "all was quiet" they were not sent. On the 5th, 300 Ku-Klux stormed the jail and murdered Smith, who fell fighting with his might. In the same county, twenty-seven murders of Republicans were published in Rebel papers in one week. During the same week Judge Hart, a Republican of an adjoining county, and Wm. S. Kirkman, Bureau Agent for North-Eastern Texas, were killed. No Union men or supporters of Grant were safe from Seymour's friends in that region. In Upshur County, Texas, a Seymour paper publishes a glowing account of the following "triumph of the Constitution." On Oct. 1st, eleven Seymourites, in white gowns and conic hats, and masked, took an elderly black couple out of their bed, tied the old man, a preacher, by the ankles, and bound the rope to their horse's saddle, dragged him feet foremost on a quick gallop a quarter of a mile to a bridge, lowered him head downward into the water till nearly drowned, and then drew him back in the same manner, and stripped and lashed his dying body till they had skinned him from his neck to his waist.

In Arkansas, on October 15th, about fifty Ku-Klux boarded the steamer Hesper, laden with 3,340 muskets consigned to the Governor to be used in preserving the peace on election day and in securing a free ballot to all, destroyed the muskets and threw them into the river. On October 22d, the Hon. James Hinds, State Senator, and Mr. Brooks, a Republican, who were stumping the State for Grant, were shot and killed by James A. Clarke, a prominent canvasser for Seymour. Near the same time, Dr. J. M. Johnson of Mississippi County was killed for his support of Grant, and Senators Wheeler and Barker of the Arkansas Legislature were wounded and nearly killed for not supporting Seymour and Blair. For the same reason, on the 27th, Captains Porter and Willis of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the Sheriff of Little River County were slain by the Ku-Klux.

In Missouri, several battles occurred at Adrain and other places during the registration, in which the rebels, excluded from voting by the Constitution, attempted to register their names in blood, and did so.

These instances of murder which we find on a casual examination of our files for the past month are but a tithe of those which have been committed. Nine-tenths of such crimes are never reported. We mention these as a sample, not as a catalogue. In the Northern States a like spirit has been manifest on a more restrained scale. At Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 7th, a Republican torchlight procession was attacked, fifty shots were exchanged, and, among others, the Mayor was wounded. Eleven persons were shot by roughs in Philadelphia, of whom we exported some 5,000 from New York. Ex-Gov. Beall of Wisconsin (Rep.) was shot to death by Mr. Finney, Democratic editor of *The Post*. Finally, in New York City, Christopher Pullman, an active Republican and Councilman, was nearly clubbed to death on the 30th ult., for his services in preventing persons who were fraudulently naturalized from registering and voting.

Who can read this long enumeration of the assassinations committed by Democrats upon Republicans during the past month, and not see that the Democratic party, on whose skirts hangs the blood of Hamilton, Broderick and Lincoln, is still, and far more than ever before, a party whose arguments are riots and rebellions, and whose logic is assassination and murder?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOTS.

From The New Orleans Republican, Oct. 28th.

THE man who was killed yesterday morning at about 2 o'clock at St. Phillip and Chartres streets, mentioned in last evening's paper, was Leterio Barba, 26 years old, a native of Messina, and a member of the Innocents Club. He was shot in five places, and almost instantly killed. While he was breathing his last, Major De L'Isle, who happened to be standing near by, asked him if he had been shot by a negro. He shook his head, being unable to speak. Being asked, if a white man shot him, he simply nodded his head. He lived at No. 35 Hospital street.

After the procession of the Innocents Monday night had dispersed, a body of armed men, whose identity is unknown, broke open the cigar store of A. Belot, in the Second District, broke up his furniture with axes, and threw everything in the house into the streets, the family, however, escaping without injury. An affidavit, it is said, has been made on information received, complaining that the house was an arsenal for arms for negroes, and Recorder Gastinel, before whom it was made, called the fact to the attention of Gen. Rousseau. This is supposed to be the cause which instigated the attack.

Barba was killed after Mr. Belot's cigar store had been cleaned out, but *The Crescent*, with an inexcusable ignorance of the facts, says the accused, Belot, keeps, or rather kept, a cigar shop on Claiborne street, near St. Ann. The shop was entered during the day, yesterday, by some of the friends and avengers of the murdered man, who sacked the store, destroying all of its contents. Last evening Mr. Belot, had not been arrested, nor is there any good reason to suppose that he will be. Barba was buried yesterday afternoon, the Innocents attending his funeral in a body.

Last night at about 11 1-2 o'clock, a body of armed men, about twenty-five in number, belonging to one of the up town Democratic clubs, went to the residence of W. B. Gray, in the Fourth District, an ex-officer of the United States army, and dragged him into the streets. After insulting and abusing him in the most outrageous manner, these model Democrats forced their way into Capt. Gray's house, and carried off his pistol, after having destroyed several articles of furniture, among which was a bust of ex-President Lincoln. These men were acting alone from political motives, as they confessed at the time. After leaving Capt. Gray's, these rioters and thieves went across the street, and broke into a house occupied by colored people. They stole what money they could find—about $6—and carried away two old shot-guns.

In and around the City Hall last evening there was considerable excitement, arising from the rebellious spirit of Mayor Conway's Secretary, and his disposition to do a little shooting on his own account. We copy the report of the affair from *The Picayune*:

Shortly before the meeting of the council an unfortunate difficulty occurred in the Mayor's parlor, which more than once threatened bloodshed. The history of the difficulty, which created for a time the most intense excitement in and about the City Hall, is substantially as follows: Mr. E. Salomon of our city, a prominent member of the Democratic party, who, in conjunction with Mayor Conway and Gen. Steedman, had held a conference with Gen. Rousseau in the morning, went into the Mayor's parlor and announced the fact that Gen. Steedman had been appointed Chief of Police of the City of New Orleans.

Mr. Overall, the Private Secretary of Mayor Conway, asked who had made the appointment. Upon Mr. Salomon's replying that it had been made by the Board of Police Commissioners, Mr. Overall stated that he would have nothing to do with any man who would not consent to hold a commission from the negro, Dunn, or words substantially to this effect. The discussion became somewhat excited in its character, several other gentlemen in the room taking part in it, Mr. Salomon contending somewhat excitedly that it was the best compromise that could be made. On the part of the Aldermen of the city there were present in the parlor at the time, Major Thomas F. Fisher and Mr. Thomas Markey. Both of these gentlemen contended that the city should do nothing to acknowledge in any way the authority of the Metropolitan Board. Some few high words occurred between Major Fisher and Mr. Salomon, but the former controlled himself, and afterward took Mr. Salomon aside, and remained in conversation with him a few moments. Major Fisher and Mr. Markey then passed out of the parlor to attend the meeting of the Council, leaving only the Mayor, Mr. Salomon, Mr. Overall, and one, perhaps two, other persons in the room. Mr. Overall had not spoken for some time, but was walking the floor, still excited. Mr. Salomon approached the table where the Mayor was sitting affixing his signature to some bonds of the city, and addressed the Mayor again in reference to the appointment. Some few moments after this, while Mr. Salomon still continued talking to the Mayor, Mr. Overall approached and the discussion between them was reopened with high words. In reply to a remark made by Mr. Salomon, Mr. Overall stated that if Gen. Steedman took the position as Chief of Police with a commission from a negro, that the people would clean him out of it. At this announcement Mr. Salomon became very much excited, and made some remarks to Mr. Overall, which caused the latter to draw his revolver from his pocket and hold it behind him with his finger upon the hammer. Whether Mr. Salomon noticed the pistol or not we cannot say, but in a few moments he moved toward the door, exclaiming he would report what had been said to Gen. Steedman, stating just then, or shortly before, that he was one of Gen. Steedman's appointees. Mr. Overall called out to him, "you can go to h—ll." At this Mr. Salomon turned, made some remark, and was about to enter the room again, when Mr. Edwin Overall, a brother of the Secretary, who had arrived, pushed him back, saying, "you must not insult my brother." In the melee which occurred at the door Mr. Overall, the Secretary, approached, leveled his pistol and would have shot Mr. Salomon had he not been suddenly caught by the Mayor and pushed back in the office. Mr. Salomon left the office, but returned in a few moments accompanied by Gen. Steedman and Col. J. O. Nixon. Entering the office Gen. Steedman asked what was the difficulty, and wanted to know who was going to "clean him out." The Mayor stated that the difficulty was a private one between Mr. Overall and Mr. Salomon, and that there was no need for any interference. Mr. Salomon began talking excitedly, and asked the Mayor if Mr. Overall had not made use of certain expressions against Gen. Steedman. At this juncture Mr. Overall, who had kept apart by himself with his pistol drawn and held by his side part of the time, approached suddenly, exclaiming, "Mr. Salomon you and I can settle this in a few moments," at the same instant leveling his pistol. Gen. Steedman sprang forward and seized his arm and said: "I am Chief of Police of this city, and no pistols shall be drawn where I am." Mr. Overall, who was pushed back, put up his pistol and took his seat at his desk. Gen. Steedman announced that he intended to preserve peace and order if he had to use bayonets to do it. Thus ended this unfortunate rencounter, and shortly afterward all save those belonging to the Mayor's office had retired from the Mayor's parlor.—*The New Orleans Republican, October 29th.*

A BAND OF MONSTERS IN NORTH-EASTERN TEXAS.

PRIVATE accounts from North-Eastern Texas represent that the lawless are much better organized than we had supposed. The object avowed is that of rising a guerrilla warfare by the government. There are said to be forty captains of companies, whose names are known, and the rolls of whose companies are in many cases in the hands of the military authorities. Three of these are men of more power and prominence than the others; these have each their adherents, and each claims the supreme command of this outlawed force. Their names are Farrow, Lee, and Rickerstaff. The leaders of these companies are men of bad repute, but in the rank and file are many young men of the better sort. These have been worked upon and their old Confederate sympaties enlisted, until they finally engage in the perpetration of some crime which binds them to these outlaws. It is said that participation in some murder is necessary for the reception of a recruit, and that in one case in Hopkins County where eighteen men were to be installed in one night, each fired a ball into the same black woman, thus rendering all alike criminal, and binding all by the same fear of punishment. Dr. Page, hanged in Van Zandt County, was afterward decapitated, and his head was found two miles from the body. For what object it had been carried that distance is a matter of conjecture. These bands are supported on plunder, and money for the purchase of ammunition procured from the sale of cattle and horses stolen from Union men, droves and herds of which are sold and sent across the Mississippi. It is believed that the leaders of these guerrilla bands have accumulated a considerable amount of specie.—*Galveston Bulletin, Oct. 28th.*

A FORMER CITIZEN OF MUSKINGUM SHOT BY THE KU-KLUX.

From the Zanesville Courier, November 2d.

WE hear to-day of the cold-blooded murder of Mr. Peter Pake, a former citizen of Falls township, this county, by the Ku-Klux Democracy of Missouri, for the simple reason that he was a Union man. As we learn the particulars, he was digging potatoes on the 15th inst. when two brothers, neighbors, came into the lot where he was, and after a few moment's conversation, one of them drew a revolver and shot him.

Mr. Pake was helped into the house and lived but a few minutes. No cause can be assigned but a difference of political opinion.

It is time that such outrages and assassinations as these were stopped.

THE KIRKMAN MURDER.

WASHINGTON, October 26th.—Gen. Howard to-day received a dispatch from Gen. Reynolds, confirming the report of the murder of William S. Kirkman, Bureau Agent for North-Eastern Texas, on the 7th inst.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE following extracts from a private letter from New Orleans, dated October 25th, should be read and carefully considered. Nothing could more forcibly show the necessity of electing a National Executive who will have the nerve and patriotism to put a stop to such atrocities:

"We are in the midst of many and great dangers still, and until this furious people are *subdued* by arms, there will be trouble.

"I saw the poor, stricken wife of Col. Pope, and the account I send does not give half the horror. The gentlemen here (Republicans) pay all her expenses, and she had a sum of money left.

"I saw the club (Seymour and Blair) that committed the murders during the riot last night. They passed here afterward, though we did not then know what had occurred, and the General said that they looked, to him, strangely excited.

"Among the crowd—the club was out on one of its usual torch-light processions—were many little boys carrying flags, and I heard one of them say twice, as he waved his little flag, in a very excited manner: 'Look! Look! Nigger's blood! Nigger's blood!' showing it, as if the end of the stick had been dipped in it, to these excited, flushed men. I did not then know what he meant.

"I wish that the people of the North could know of these things as they actually occur. I see and hear them every day.

"Six negroes have just been murdered—also out in procession—and two mortally wounded. Do you notice that negroes, not Democrats, are *always* killed in these disturbances? The negroes are too much intimidated to fight, and, indeed, I do not wonder, for such desperate looking demons as these clubs are composed of I never saw. And they are all well organized, and have their signals, pass-words, etc., and have all fought before as rebel soldiers.

"I hope, as soon as Congress meets, that a militia bill will be passed, for we have no resource.

"In the country the negroes will fight. But, I assure you, we are living in fearful times here in rebeldom."

THE REBEL ELECTIONS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S "policy" is expiring amidst the shrieks of the murdered freedmen and their white compatriots in the South. The elections in Georgia and Louisiana on Tuesday only needed Jefferson Davis at the head of the Confederacy to rival the reign of terror with which secession was carried seven years ago.

But there is this difference between the two periods. In 1861 the blacks were all slaves, and it was only the loyal whites who were persecuted and hung. Now there is no discrimination—white and colored are promiscuously attacked and slaughtered. It is needless to comment upon a spectacle so harrowing. It leaves its own comment; and would consign to utter infamy any class but the wretches who lead in these atrocities. They are simply showing how little they have deserved the clemency of the government, and how much we have been rescued from by their defeat. Henceforth let no man complain of the disfranchisement of these cruel men in Tennessee, Missouri, and West Virginia. Their horrible outrages upon the Unionists in the States where they have control, as in Maryland and Kentucky, and in others where the military authority is weak or in sympathy with them, prove that they are as savage and ungrateful to-day as they were during the war.

The following letter, written by an eminent citizen of New Orleans on the 28th of October to the Hon. W. D. Kelley, is a remarkable prophecy as read in view of the actual occurrences in that city on Tuesday last. We suppress the writer's name for prudential reasons. Whether the overwhelming result in favor of Gen. Grant will stop these infamies, remains to be seen. Perhaps our friends in Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, and other rebel States must even suffer till the new Administration begins its career, *unless indeed, Congress should resolve to rid us of Andrew Johnson before the new year:*

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 28th, 1868.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C., Philadelphia, Pa.:

MY DEAR SIR: I fervently trust that as soon after the election as possible the generals in command here—Buchanan and Rousseau—will be held to a rigid account for the criminal partiality of their administrations here. Their whole course of conduct shows that the real object in sending them to this State was to cause its votes to be given to Seymour and Blair, and they have scrapled at nothing to accomplish this object. The scheme of the rebels of this State to intimidate its Republicans by inaugurating a system of wholesale murder and violence was matured long ago, and its practical workings have been contemplated by these officers without one well meant effort to check or stop it. So completely have they thrown themselves into the arms of the so-called Democracy of the State, that they are regarded by all parties as its leaders. They have not been ashamed to assist in the deliberations of our opponents, and even to address them in public on party topics. While they have always shown the most cordial regard for our enemies, they have not attempted to conceal their aversion for us, even in their correspondence. The men under their command have never succeeded in preventing rebel wrong-doing, or in punishing it when done. They usually appear after a bloody deed has been perpetrated, and then their action is to arrest the assailed, or to shield the assailant from the possibility of retaliation. For the greater part new recruits, many of whom served in the rebel army and enlisted here, these men have caught the spirit of their commanders.

No rebel ruffian has anything to fear from them, whatever may be the atrocity he commits. They go about the streets expressing audibly the desire that "every d—d nigger should be killed." I hold these officers to be chiefly responsible for all the innocent blood that has been shed in this State since it was cursed with their presence. I sincerely trust that, with the election of Gen. Grant, justice, as well as peace and order, will be once more established in this God-forsaken region, and the laws of the nation as effectually enforced as *were* the orders of the Confederacy during its sway. If our hopes are realized, these faithless officers will be dismissed from the service which they have disgraced. In the meantime, I but express the wish of every loyal heart here, that the General of our armies will exercise the authority which it is believed rests in his hands, unimpaired by the organization of the State, to dispose of the forces under his command, and relieve us from the presence of men who are justly regarded with more aversion than Beauregard or Hays.

There is no just grounds for hope that, with all the difficulties we have to contend against, our majority of 40,000 can be made available. The events of the last few hours have rendered success almost impossible. It is the general wish that the executive committee of the party may publish a strong protest, and advise their friends to withdraw from all participation in an election which at best may be nothing better than a hideous farce—possibly a bloody tragedy.

The papers doubtless will have furnished you with some of the facts upon which I have commented. To them I refer you.

FORWARD!

From the Philadelphia Press.

Now that Grant has gone in by the fiat of the people, the question naturally presents itself—what next? It is a bad policy always to pause after a successful charge—a victory is nothing unless you secure its fruits. The Democratic party would have cared little for the loss of Stone river, Gettysburg, and Richmond, had we been content to let slavery remain untouched. They would any time have given us the battles had we given up to them the principles of the war.

But aside from policy or expediency, it is not in the nature of things that the Republican party should stop now, or even rest on its laurels. We are the channel of the vital power—the historical life of the nation; the trustees of freedom for the people of this continent at least; to look no further. We would be false to our trust did we here lay down our arms. The election of Grant was not an objective end—it is but a means to further advances.

We have deliberately raised the banner of equal rights, and solemnly assured the world that our platform was exact and thorough justice. In that sign we have conquered. God has been gracious unto us and given us the victory. With King David we can sing, "Lord, Thou hast been favorable unto Thy land." Did we falter here it would be treachery to ourselves and ingratitude to Providence. Did we, fat with the spoils and swollen with honors and office, sit down and complacently say: "Soul, thou hast many goods laid up for many years—take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," we should justly bring down on our heads the fate of the faithless steward of God's bounty. "This very night," and most righteously, would the sceptre pass from us.

The colored man holds the bond and pledge of this country. Under the furnace-blast of war we promised him freedom. We owe not the hollow promise, to be kept to the ear and broken to the hope; but the substantial thing—good measure, full, pressed down, and running over. Let us give it now, and let the Fortieth Congress snatch the honor. Common justice, common humanity, and common gratitude call on us now to enfranchise with the ballot the colored man in every State. It can be done safely and successfully. We have no Presidential election to imperil now. We are on the wave of success. Let us use it to float the ship of State into quiet waters—quiet because they are the great deep of justice and of right.

Let the Fortieth Congress, in December, as their first and main work, propose an amendment to the Constitution conferring the power to vote for national purposes and officers on colored men, under equal conditions with white men, and submit it to the people under the fifth article. Three-fourths of the States would rush to ratify it, and another laurel, ever green and glorious, would be added to the enduring honors of our great party.

Let us see how the ground lies. We collate in tabular form the States in which colored men now vote; those now unreconstructed in which, when admitted, they will vote; and of the remainder those which belong to us, and those owned by the Democracy. To these lists we attach the popular majorities, for they, too contain a lesson:

There are thirty-seven States in, or soon to be in the Union. Colored men now vote in

	Popular Rep. Maj.
Maine,	30,000
Vermont,	31,000
New Hampshire,	6,000
Massachusetts,	70,000
Rhode Island,	6,000
Wisconsin,	15,500
Minnesota,	10,000
Iowa,	40,000
Nebraska,	4,000
Tennessee,	40,000
North Carolina,	20,000
South Carolina,	15,000
Georgia,	Dem.
Florida,	Rep. Leg.
Alabama,	3,000
Louisiana,	Dem. by Fraud.
Missouri,	20,000
Arkansas,	5,000
West Virginia,	6,500

Nineteen States absolutely.

Under certain property qualifications colored men are now allowed to vote by the constitutions of

New York and
New Jersey.

By the terms of the reconstruction acts they must vote in the following States when admitted:

Texas.
Mississippi.
Virginia.

In all the following States we hold the Legislatures by the recent election, and these Legislatures are competent to ratify the amendment for the people of their respective States:

	Rep. Maj.
Connecticut,	3,000
New York,	—
Pennsylvania,	25,000
Ohio,	40,000
Indiana,	11,000
Illinois,	50,000
Kansas,	15,000
Michigan,	25,000
Nevada,	1,000
Oregon,	1,000
California,	1,500

Eleven States.

The only States absolutely hopeless would be:

	Dem. Maj.
Delaware,	2,000
Maryland,	25,000
Kentucky,	70,000
New Jersey,	1,000

The colored men voting already in nineteen States, which are secure for the amendment, under a fair election, and eleven more States, represented by Republican Legislatures, give us thirty States safe, independent of New Jersey, which admits the argument for colored suffrage by allowing a conditional suffrage. Twenty-nine is a three-fourths majority of all the States in or out of the Union—twenty-six of all now in.

This places the whole matter in our hands, and throws on us the responsibility of declining to discharge the sworn obligation of the nation.

The significant majorities in the above tables convey their own lesson. Where the colored men vote, there the cause of Republicanism is entirely safe, and will be. Again, the popular majorities against this move foot up to about one hundred thousand, while Grant's clear majority on the entire vote is estimated at half a million.

Every great political struggle in the history of this country has resulted in a triumph of radicalism. There have been three such marked and pregnant contests, in which the radical forces were successively led by Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. We are yet in the midst of the latter. Every one of these great struggles has enlarged the boundaries of human freedom. As the leaders were true to human liberty, so far were they successful. We may profit by history. Jefferson, leading the forlorn hope of true Democracy, after a desperate struggle, planted its banner on our soil. Jackson, gathering around him the people, defended it from 1824 to 1836 against the assaults of the slaveocratic oligarchy, headed by Calhoun. To-day it is our grand privilege to make firm and establish forever the fabric of democratic liberty, grounding it on the sure and lasting foundation of universal suffrage.

That we are but speaking the voice of the masses of the people, a thousand indications beyond our magnificent majorities meet us at every turn. From the Meadville *Republican*, a strong and influential journal, which well represents the popular feeling of North-Western Pennsylvania, we extract the leading article of the week's issue, as a significant illustration of the outspoken sympathies of the loyal people of our common country:

LETTER FROM JUDGE KELLEY.

The course of the *Republican*, in advocating negro suffrage, has not been acceptable to some of our Republicans who are not yet prepared to surrender their prejudices and sustain justice for its own sake, but the great majority of the earnest men of our party heartily agree with our views. As a matter of course the Democracy indulge in denunciation and misrepresentation, but as they are powerless politically their approval is of no consequence. We take the liberty of giving place in our columns to a private letter from that stout and honest champion of the right, one of Pennsylvania's ablest statesmen, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley;

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27th, 1868.

R. Lyle White, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I cannot refrain from thanking you for your reiterated demand in the columns of the *Republican* for justice to all. Party expediency and exact justice coincide for once, and you express their concurrent voice when you say "the next battle we have in Pennsylvania must be to give the ballot to the black man." I pray you to persist in this good work.

Yours, very truly, WM. D. KELLEY.

We can assure the Judge that we intend to "persist in this good work." Although negro suffrage was not an issue in the recent campaign, yet the Democracy insisted that it was, and charged the Republicans with favoring negro equality and negro suffrage. In spite of all their appeals to the prejudice against color the Democracy were beaten. We had to fight the battle with this issue ringing in our ears—an issue that we had not the courage to make squarely and boldly. We are victorious—now let us be true to ourselves and to the race that stands ready to help us. Not many years ago these same men, whom God created with a different complexion from ours, earnestly sought to join our armies and aid in crushing the nation's foes. We hesitated and fought at a disadvantage without them, and at last they were promised that when a great victory crowned our arms their prayers would be answered and they would be mustered into the army of the Republic. It was thought, and perhaps wisely, that a step of such radical moment could not be made in a time of disaster. Awhile ago our leaders feared to present the suffrage question to the people. Now we have gained the victory and need no longer dread to grapple with the enemy on this issue. It is a duty we should meet boldly and manfully. In honor we cannot withhold any right under the law from a people who stood up in the red tide of battle to defend and perpetuate the government, and the work of preparing the people of Pennsylvania to meet this question should begin now, and never cease till the right of suffrage is restored to our colored population.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON AT LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, Oct. 24th.—When Mr. Reverdy Johnson set out for Liverpool, *The Star* remarked that he had started upon a journey likely to prove more momentous in its consequences to himself than any he had ever undertaken in his whole life. I believe I may say that loyal Americans and English friends to America had done their utmost to keep Mr. Johnson and Mr. Laird apart. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Laird was particularly solicitous to meet Mr. Johnson, but Mr. Johnson's desire to publicly testify his sense of Mr. Laird's services to his Southern brethren was too lively to be controlled. If Mr. Johnson had signified an opinion, as Lord Stanley did, that it was better, for public reasons, he should not meet Mr. Laird, nothing more would have been needed. Mr. Johnson chose to send a message exactly the contrary to that, and his meeting with Laird was as distinctly his own choice as if he had invited the builder of the Alabama to dine with him in Upper Portland Place—as he probably has before this. Nor was Mr. Johnson content that his fraternization with Laird should be a silent one. The reporters for the London press were not likely to describe the effusion with which these gentlemen shook hands. The fact of the meeting could not be concealed, but Mr. Johnson's demonstrations of cordiality might have passed unrecorded. It was he again who chose to proclaim it with bravado and insult to those who had warned him against this mad act. "I was cautioned," exclaimed Mr. Johnson in his speech, "*whether by friends, merely friends, or not, it is not for me to say*—that I should not be present upon an occasion like this, because there would be at it certain gentlemen who by word, by speech, or by act, aided or encouraged my Southern brethren during our late unhappy conflict." The public cautions to which Mr. Johnson refers were given him by the *Daily News* and the *Star*—among all the daily journals of London, the only two who were, or are, true friends to America. The Marylander, whom Andrew Johnson sent here to find friends among the friends of Rebellion, insolently questions whether the advice of these papers which knows him only as American Minister, is friendly or treacherous. He was entreated by loyal and eminent Americans not to identify himself with Laird, and the sincerity of their good will is equally scoffed at.

What does he say his answer was? "My answer was that if it should be so, *so much the more gratifying would it be to me.*" Why? "Because it would afford an assurance to the people of my country, and to my government as well as to myself, *that former differences are forgotten*, and that the heart that beats in Liverpool is like the heart that beats throughout the kingdom, a heart full of friendship for the people of the United States. If this stood alone, it might be passed by as the maudlin affectionateness of a man who had dined too well—the speech being made at that period of the evening when the stomach and the heart of some men get equally full. But it is a sincere expression of Mr. Johnson's feelings. He had announced in the morning in reply to the Mayor that in the evening it was his purpose to lay before the Chamber of Commerce and before all England his whole heart. He had said a moment before that he "knew there was wisdom and good sense, and patriotism in the people of Liverpool *that would induce them to forego the recent past!*" It is not Mr. Reverdy Johnson who forgives Mr. Laird; it is Mr. Laird who forgives the American Minister. If he needs it, he has certainly earned it. Mr. Laird did indeed build the Alabama, which burnt some scores of American ships, and swept the rest off the ocean. He cost America, directly and indirectly, not less than $100,000,000. Mr. Laird has a just pride in the help he gave the Rebellion, and a just resentment against those extreme partisans in the North who questioned his claim to the character of a public benefactor. Mr. Johnson, at Leeds, said that no act had been done to tarnish the reputation of England—piracy is a harmless pastime—and Liverpool he entreats Mr Laird to forego the recent past, and excuse the hard things that have been said about him. You may be presumptuous enough to suppose that Mr. Laird solicits the

regard of the American Minister by professions of penitence. It is exactly five days since Mr. Laird, as conservative candidate for Parliament from Birkenhead, addressed a meeting of his constituents. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Lewis Hornblower proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Laird, recalling the time "when every Englishman's cheek blushed with honest pride that we had built the Alabama." Stimulated by the cheers of his audience, Mr. Hornblower went on to say that "he believed that 150 out of 160 would have done the same thing as Mr. Laird," who sat beaming with the pleased satisfaction that attends upon a man who has done a good action and finds it appreciated by his fellow men. But no applause from his constituents could so minister to Mr. Laird's complacent pride, as the public declaration of the American Embassador that the American people had repented of their wrath, and his public entreaty to forgive it.

Mr. Johnson did not forget that there were other people in Liverpool beside Mr. Laird entitled to his sympathies and apologies, above all to generous eulogy. Remembering how recently the flag of his own country had been driven from the ocean, he thought it fitting to compliment the Liverpool ship-builders on the energy which had given them almost a monopoly of the world's commerce. "Your flag," cried Mr. Johnson in a glow of enthusiasm "passes unchallenged on every sea, protected by the power of England—which, *thank God, never failed us!*" I am in despair of explaining what Mr. Johnson meant by thanking God that the power of England never failed us. A public dinner in England is always a scene of some confusion; there is a glare of gas, and a clatter, and not much stint to the wine. Surrounded by so many old friends of the rebellion, Mr. Johnson perhaps forgot for a moment that he was there as American Minister to apologize to Mr. Laird, and when he said "us," lapsed into his true character of representative for his Southern brethren. Then he bethought himself of another pretty compliment to Mr. Laird, and touched on the fact that the trade of Liverpool with the United States was two-fifths of its whole trade; but omitted to mention the exact proportion that had been diverted by help of the Alabama from American into English bottoms. But it cannot be said the Alabama was ever out of his mind. He painted a picture of commerce; and knowing as we do that the Alabama sailed out of Liverpool as a merchant vessel, I do not remember ever to have seen a neater description of her various performances. "Commerce," says Mr. Johnson, "explores the ocean, brings to light its treasures, and disseminates them through Christendom for the happiness and enjoyment of her race." The description would perhaps have been heightened by mentioning more particularly the sixty chronometers from sixty American ships burnt at sea which Capt. Semmes disseminated through Christendom. Then, in a fine burst of religious eloquence, Mr. Johnson apostrophizes the men who built not only the Alabama but her sister pirates, and the blockade runners as well. "You may be said to be the pioneers of morality and religion. (Cheers.) You take with you the missionary and the Bible (cheers,) and wherever man is found, there, by your means, and their instrumentality, you secure a wider and wider spread of a Christian civilization." This however lacks originality. The slave trade in which Liverpool won formerly an honorable distinction, has always been advocated in just the same way as a means of Christianizing the African race.

The joint account of the Alabama negotiations supplied by Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley may be left for comment to the American ship-owners, whose interests are at this moment intrusted to the guest of the builder of the ship that destroyed their own. The negotiations go on "merrily," says Mr. Johnson. Merrily is a good word, and I suppose the ships which Semmes scuttled sank merrily into the ocean, and those which he burned flamed merrily up into the sky, and the families whom he ruined wept merrily in their distress, and the nation whose commerce was annihilated has never been able to restrain its merriment over the exploits of the Alabama.

The Liverpool papers record from day to day the progress of the intimacy between Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Laird. On the day following the dinner, this affectionate couple embarked together on board a steam yacht for a short cruise. Their yacht, like the Alabama when she left Liverpool, had no guns on deck. They presently landed at Birkenhead, and Mr. Johnson, escorted by Mr. Laird, visited the ship-yards of the latter. Here, no doubt, Mr. Johnson was shown the historical spot where the keel of the Alabama was laid, the ways over which she glided into the water upon her merry mission, and the buoy in the river from which she finally slipped away. It is not stated whether Capt. Bullock of the Confederate Navy, who superintended her building, was present to explain to Mr. Johnson the qualities which enabled her to outstrip in speed both the merchant vessels who were her victims and the vessels of war which churlishly sought to interrupt her career. Capt. Semmes, it is only too certain was absent; but it is believed a despatch has been sent to his home in Memphis, requesting his immediate return. No future banquet to Mr. Reverdy Johnson will be deemed complete without his presence. Even the mirthfulness of the pending negotiations between Lord Stanley and Mr. Johnson lacks the zest of his jovial humor. It is thought he will be able to testify in respect to the value of the ships to be burned, so as to reduce the extravagant claims for damages presented by their owners; especially by sundry widows and orphans, whose fortune had been foolishly invested in some of the vessels which fell in Capt. Semmes's way.

Mr. Gladstone's presence at the dinner, was a blunder which he lost the opportunity of retrieving by a frank confession of his errors during the war. He has always seemed to feel himself under the necessity of defending the Russell administration and its connivance at the escape of the Alabama. Mr. Gladstone was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, but inasmuch as Earl Russell has acknowledged his mistake, it cannot be a sentiment of loyalty to his chief which binds Mr. Gladstone on all occasions to withhold such a personal atonement as he might easily make. Americans would be glad to like him and to forget his hasty words, if he would but let them. His speech at the Liverpool dinner, in itself considered, calls for neither criticism nor praise. It contributed something, perhaps, to the peculiar elevation of spirits which led Mr. Johnson late in the evening to make a second harangue, concluding with a passage which Mr. Charles James Yellowplush himself might strive in vain to surpass:

"Permit me further to speak about a matter personal to myself. The kind manner my friend on my left (Lord Stanley), with whom I have been intimately associated for the last five or six weeks, has spoken of me, *and the kind manner in which my kind friend, the second on my right (Mr. Gladstone) has spoken of me*, have laid me under an obligation which I have no words to express. I return my sincerest thanks, and I say to both that, happen what may, they will find me a personal friend, and as far as their country is concerned a friend to England."

The comments of the press on the dinner are instructive; but I have no room to quote them here. If Mr. Johnson has not supplanted he at least rivals Mason and Slidell, Beauregard and Lee, in the affections of the English Tories. If he values the eulogiums of *The Times*, *The Standard*, and *The Saturday Review*, he has them in full measure. Their tone is a little contemptuous; but Mr. Johnson is not likely to perceive that, or to trouble himself about the ironical compliments of the Liberal journals. The Tories are content to flatter, for they believe Mr. Johnson to be wax in Lord Stanley's hands, and chuckle over the prospect of getting cheaply out of the Alabama scrape. The Liberals—those of them who sincerely wish well to America, and are proud of having befriended her—lament the humiliation of her Minister, and turn away their faces.—*G. W. Smalley—London Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for The Standard a life-like, beautifully finished, medium sized photograph of Wendell Phillips, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE ELECTION.

The loyal party has triumphed. We hold this to be reason for deep gratitude to God. The blood and treasure of the last seven years have not been spent in vain. The election of Seymour would have given the South up to anarchy, and doomed the loyal men there to murder. The election of Grant gives hope of better things. At least it gives us free space and opportunity to work for better things and leaves the door open before us.

We belong to those who hope, but hardly dare to expect, the performance of a fair share of the Republican promises. In Grant himself we place no confidence. What intimations of his purpose, or what pledges he may have made to his personal friends we have no means of knowing. We believe no one, who undertakes to speak for him, even pretends that he has given any pledge or made known, in any way, his intentions. We wait for his action.

Meanwhile the only means we have of judging as to his statesmanlike ability or his leanings, is his past action. If his course on assuming Mr. Stanton's office and his relations with the President at that time were of his own inspiration and not dictated by others, they show him a man lamentably ignorant of the laws relating to him both as a citizen and a soldier; and we save our faith in his veracity only by agreeing to consider him so little alert and so unwary as to be easily entangled and entrapped by the cunning lawyers around him. He has sat for two or three years, filing, day by day, the official records of the murder of hundreds of loyal men, whose safety he was appointed to secure. All the while one honorable announcement from his lips that he would not submit to such degradation, would instantly have arrested the evil. No man will deny this assertion. Grant's appeal to the people against Andrew Johnson and in behalf of the murdered loyalists of the South would, at any moment during the last three years, have removed the President from office in thirty days. Why that appeal was never made, whether from fear of losing his present office, or of not being nominated for the Presidency, or from lack of sympathy for loyal men, time will show. Our conviction is that if, in his high place, his heart had beat, as a loyal man's should have done, for the hunted men of Louisiana and Texas, we should have heard it throughout the Nation. If we were Grant, our joy in Vicksburg and the Wilderness would be drowned fathoms deep in shame because history will have to tell that while we were in command of the army—*and able to wield it uncontrolled, even in Louisiana, if we chose*—the loyal men of New Orleans dared not approach the polls for fear of assassination. One word *to the Nation* from Grant, last spring, would have put Wade in the White House and proclaimed martial law, if necessary, last week, in New Orleans. There are whispers that Grant favored Impeachment—in the lobby. Those times wanted no lobby-member. If the Lieutenant-General of the United States had then announced to Congress, that in his opinion the peace of the South could not be preserved with the policy then pursued, and unless that policy were changed he would not blight his laurels by holding a sword he was not allowed to use, does any man suppose Fessenden would have dared to veto Impeachment even to revenge himself on Wade, to spite Mr. Sumner, or to keep his eleven cousins in office? If Grant were the man the Nation now supposes him, he could not have kept silent at such a crisis. A man must love glory overmuch who would not cheerfully surrender all Grant's laurels rather than bear the guilt and shame of that responsibility not met.

It must be remembered that a good soldier does not necessarily make a great statesman. Surely no word or act of Grant can make his most enthusiastic admirer claim for him greater ability or a higher-toned sense of honor than belonged to Wellington? Yet all allow that Wellington, when transferred to civil life, shewed such an entire lack of sympathy with progressive ideas, such an entire misunderstanding of his times and of English thought and purpose as to forfeit all claim to the character of a statesman.

When we talk of statesmanship, where was it when Grant undertook to report the condition of ten million of people, scattered over seven hundred thousand miles, after a visit of ten days? And what was his report?

In December, 1865, when every man not asleep knew of Johnson's treachery and its results at the South, Grant reported that the "acquiescence" at the South was so "universal;" its "citizens so earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government" that nothing but the mere form of a military force would be needed there! And if anything more should, in any localities, be needed, it would be among the Freedmen, to prevent them from taking possession of the property of their former masters and in the sea-ports. Now no freedman has ever lifted hand against the property of the whites, and, except New Orleans, the sea-ports are the safest places at the South. Was Grant misled by cunning men about him, or has he no insight for such investigations? Either alternative removes him from the list of statesmen. But, further than this, that problem did not need brains. A heart would have made all its intricacies blaze with light like a July noon.

These are the actions that, for us, reveal Gen. Grant.

But for him and his influence, whatever it is to be, we must wait till March. Unless it was simply selfish fear of the nomination that kept him silent last spring, we cannot hope for any aid from him now, any more than we did then. If his political principles or his ideas of military subordination kept him silent then, they will now. Hence we look to Congress for immediate action. Murder must be stopped. Protection must accompany allegiance. We demand of Congress, instantly on its assembling, to impeach Andrew Johnson. Leave Reverdy Johnson, half harlequin, half traitor, awhile longer to disgrace the Nation. The readiest way to recall him is to remove his master. If it were not, blood is more than dollars. Gen. Schenck and Mr. Morgan must answer to God for the murders they have allowed by postponing a session from November to December. Oh! for one hour's use of some immortal pen, like that of Tacitus or Burke, to brand with undying infamy these heartless Republicans who sit reckoning up party counters and planning excuses for laziness, while men, imperilled through their stupidity and selfishness, are murdered by hundreds around them.

While Johnson sits in the White House no repeal of the reconstruction laws, no rousing of public opinion, no petty removal of one subaltern after another, will give the loyal Southerners any protection. He holds the helm. Treason wields the sceptre. One month of such National guilt is enough to create a public opinion that will abolish the Presidency. Every hour that Congress allows us the sight of the national conscience thwarted by this Chief of assassins engenders a purpose to remodel our Government.

We will not submit to be told that other counsels are to prevail after the 4th of March. That will not bring a thousand murdered men to life. We will not say that this boasted magnanimity, which lets ten thousand rebels, who have earned halters, still walk the earth unharmed and waits *so patiently* for distant dates, *while other men suffer*, is empty rhetoric. But surely more than half of such magnanimity is shameful insensibility to crime and cruel indifference to the sufferings of loyal men. Out upon such magnanimity—we will honor it only when it walks side by side with a courage and conscience that are never slack to protect those to whom the Nation owes its life. No 4th of March for us. Every single murder henceforth disgraces the Nation and makes the XLth Congress blood-guilty.

We say to Congress, Impeach the President or share the infamy and blood-guiltiness to which History will condemn him.

Wendell Phillips.

"SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE, THAT THEY GO FORWARD."

Every Abolitionist is thankful and exultant over the grand victory of the Republican Party in the Presidential contest. It is a glorious triumph of the spirit of liberty over the spirit of slavery, a demon which still rages in our Southern States, and which even in its expiring agonies is powerful enough to drench that soil with blood, and to perpetrate, in open day and in defiance of United States authority, horrors which civilized men shudder to hear of. God be thanked for this one more triumph! It is full of promise for the future. Now we look for the redemption of the pledge of the Republican Party, made by its organs after the announcement of its last platform. We remember its apology and its promise made in that critical hour. Its language was, We could not avow in our platform a determination to extend suffrage to all citizens without distinction of color or race; it would have been unwise and unsafe to go before the people on such a political basis; but wait until we have won our November triumph; and then we will address ourselves to the work of securing to colored men throughout the country, their right of suffrage. Now our language to this party is; you *have* triumphed gloriously; we ask the speedy fulfilment of your promise to execute this justice. You can cause the Constitution of the United States to be so amended as to secure the ballot to the colored man, beyond danger from those who, having long enslaved him, are now striving furiously to hold him in a condition of serfdom.

Will the Party keep its promise? The loyal North awaits its answer in its deeds. We are very hopeful that it will. Already some of its organs avow such a purpose. *The Morning Post*, and *The Press*, of Philadelphia had scarcely announced the joyful news of victory before they called on their Party to do this act of justice. We do not doubt that there are many Republican journals which will earnestly demand this; and, if need be, urge it upon Congress, as their first work in December. When that body assembles, it will open its session with prayer, in which its chaplains will devoutly thank God for the victory which He has won for them. What fitter thank-offering can they present to Him than a deed of justice done promptly and joyfully; for an injured, helpless class of their fellow-citizens? We look for this at their hands. To secure its accomplishment let every Republican and every Abolitionist work vigorously and diligently. When all that that Congress and State Legislatures can do, and all that the American People can do by their Federal Constitution, has been done for the colored people of this country, there will be paid a very small part of the debt which the Nation owes to these victims of its long continued oppression.

M. G.

FAMILY TIES.

As the defenders of slavery have always pretended that in sales and bequests of slaves a humane regard to their family relations was preserved, it may be well to copy, from a book published in the present year, a specimen of the actual amount of recognition, by slaveholders, of the rights of husbands, wives and children.

The book is "Genealogy of the Spotswood Family in Scotland and Virginia. By Charles Campbell. Albany: Joel Munsell, 1868." From the will of Col. Augustine Moore, of King William County, Virginia, who died July 28th, 1743, we make the following extracts:

"I also give to my said daughter Elizabeth, Hannah, Great Daniel's wife, and their children, and all their future increase, which said slaves I hereby annex to the said land, and declare my mind and will to be that the same shall descend, pass and go in the same manner as the said land hereafter is limited and appointed."—pp. 35, 6.

"I also give to my said daughter Lucy these slaves, to wit: Judy, Robin's wife, and Great Patty at the Home house, and their children, and all their future increase; which slaves I do hereby annex to the said land, and declare my mind and will to be that the same shall descend, pass and go in the same manner as the said land is hereafter limited and appointed."—p. 36.

"I give to each of my three grandchildren, Elizabeth Macon, Lucy Robinson and John Robinson, Fifty Pounds sterling to be laid out in young slaves."—p. 40.

The business-like coolness of the assumptions that "young slaves" are always proper objects of purchase and sale, without a moment's thought of the conflicting rights of themselves and their parents—and that the "increase" of a wife is to be disposed of at the will of an owner other than herself and her husband—are characteristic and noteworthy features of the slave system. Wherever slavery still exists these separations are inevitable.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We congratulate the voters of Minnesota and Iowa upon their honorable action in voting, by large majorities at the recent election, to abolish all political distinctions on account of race or color in their State. When is the revised Constitution of New York to be submitted for ratification? Whatever may be the fate of Reconstruction at the South, it must be admitted to have been a failure, thus far, at any rate, in the Empire State.

Anna E. Dickinson gave a lecture, entitled "A Struggle for Life," to a very large audience at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening, the 5th inst., in behalf of the Working Women's Association of this city. The lecture was an earnest and eloquent plea for the dignity of labor, for self-reliance, for thorough work, for equal opportunities and equal compensation for women. She portrayed with great power of eloquence the suffering and degradation consequent upon the present injustice to women, their unskilled labor, and the undemocratic shrinking from useful, honorable toil. The lecture gave a timely pecuniary benefit to the Association, and did much to recommend its claims to the sympathy and favorable consideration of the general public.

The women of Vineland, N. J., went to the polls in full force on the 3d inst. Their ballots were refused in the regular box, and they therefore procured another of their own, and in another part of the same hall went through the form of voting. They thus testified in an emphatic manner their desire to vote. The votes of 192 women were polled. Four were for the Rebel-Democratic party, and they were neutralized by four votes of colored women for Grant. Vineland is a temperance town and strong drink is strictly prohibited at all times. We are glad to learn that on this occasion the smokers, who are in the habit of making the atmosphere of the polling places well nigh suffocating with the poisonous fumes of tobacco, were also constrained by the presence and protests of women, to desist. We hail this precedent of the action of the Vineland women, and that of Mrs. Lucy Stone, and her mother-in-law Mrs. Blackwell, which we chronicled last week, as prophetic of the better time in the near future of American politics when men and women shall stand side by side, in the affairs of State, upon the basis of equality of rights.

An intelligent Vineland woman writes:

"At our last spring election only one woman offered her vote. This fall we polled 192 votes of women. Four of these were democrats, the remainder Republican. Four of these votes were offered by colored women, all for Grant. A great many of the men sneered at our 'playing vote.' But there *was no play about it.* We worked seriously and in earnest, and in four years from this time the sneerers will be calling on the rocks, or some other solid substance, to cover them. Or else, like shrewd politicians, they will put on a bold front and assure us that they are entitled to our votes for the great service they have rendered us in attaining our rights.

"As the gentlemen refused to allow us to deposit our votes in the ballot-box, we set up a separate box of our own in another part of the same hall. I wish you could have stepped in and seen us at work at our poll. We did it nicely. I know we did, because we would occasionally run across the platform and look at the way the men did their work. We made occasional inquiry how the election was going, and they very politely gave us the required information.

"We are about to form a 'Liberty League' in this town to make the enfranchisement of women our paramount political question henceforth in all elections for state, county or township officers.

"At a meeting of our Woman Suffrage Club last Monday evening Mr. C. gave notice that after this Presidential election he would never again compromise in the matter of voting—that hereafter no candidate who is not publicly pledged to favor woman's voting should ever receive a vote from him. His public announcement was received with great applause, as much by the voters as by the women present.

"No candidate who is not openly our friend can ever again receive the vote of Vineland."

The following "Independent Ticket" was voted in considerable numbers at the recent election, we understand, by the German Radicals of Boston and elsewhere, who were satisfied with neither Grant nor Seymour, and who believe in abolishing the office of President, and in substituting a "Government of the People through its Responsible Agents in Congress":

"Independent Ticket
for the
Presidential Campaign, 1868.
Neither Grant nor Seymour!
No President at all!
Abolition of the Monarchical Office!
Government of the People through its Responsible Agents in Congress!
Revision of the United States Constitution!"

With the high-handed conduct of Andrew Johnson and the failure of the Senate to demand his removal from office, the inquiry as to the office of President, suggested by the above ticket, is not altogether irrelevant, or unimportant. If Grant should turn out as badly, the new doctrine would gain adherents rapidly. If we cannot impeach and depose a President for such infamous, treasonable and criminal conduct as Johnson's the office becomes indeed "oppressive and monarchical."

We are glad to learn from *The Friends' Intelligencer* that at the Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, which convened at the Lombard Street Meeting House on the 26th ult., and at which there was an unusually large attendance—

"The testimony against Intemperance was dwelt upon, and the vast amount of grain used in distillation was mentioned, and the need of maintaining this testimony with faithfulness was urged. The use of tobacco was likewise spoken of, and the experience of several Friends present who had been addicted, to it was given in opposition to its indulgence."

"An Orthodox Friend from Kansas, who had been much with the Indians, kindly consented to meet with the Committee on Indian Affairs, and give such information as he had. He confirmed what we have so often heard, that the Indians were in no case the aggressors; that the abuses practiced upon them were continual. He also stated that it was a mistaken opinion that the Indians had great hardihood and ruggedness of constitution; that he looked upon them as delicate, and their want of knowledge of the laws of health was one cause of their diminution of numbers. In the chase they were eager and would endure great fatigue, but warm and exhausted they would throw themselves on the ground, take cold, and die of consumption, which swept away great numbers."

"They express great surprise at the size of the families of the white race, and that they do not lose their children. With them it is common to lose most of their children, in many cases all of them, from diseases which they do not understand how to treat rightly. These were the Kew Indians. Among the Cheyennes the Friend said he had known several instances of aggression on their part, but they were in no way vindictive when parrying off their attacks."

We print in another column the call for the New England Woman's Rights Convention, to be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday next, Nov. 18th and 19th.

OBITUARY.

Benjamin. F. Presbury.

We learn, with deep regret, the death at Taunton, Mass., of Mr. Benjamin F. Presbury after a very short illness. He was one of the few literary men among us who are inspired with a deep earnestness of purpose.

After travel and trying his fortune in different channels, he had found a most fitting and useful post as Librarian of the City Library of Taunton. For this he was excellently qualified by his business habits; by his wide reading, rendering him familiar with most modern literatures, and by his warm sympathy with young scholars.

He was keenly sensible to beauty in art, and after a wide experience we know few men of a finer or truer taste in literature. We recall many a delightful evening, passed in his company, listening to his delicate analysis and fresh and most original criticism of a new Essay from Emerson or some rare article in the Reviews. In fiction he was not only a most competent judge but had made himself no mean venture in his story—"The Mustee"—which is not only informed by a noble purpose but skilfully told and stirs the reader deeply.

Better than all this, under such beautiful culture beat a life of intense earnestness and warmly devoted to the best ideas. He was a true American and willing to give his strength to help the masses onward. Such a man's influence must have been most beneficially felt in his own town and will be sadly missed. "The loss of a finished man," it has been well said "it is hard to repair." Every good cause has lost a hearty advocate, and one whose word uttered in channels not often visited by such influence, wrought the greater good.

Whatever he believed, he believed with his whole soul; and uttered fearlessly. Shams he detested. The friends and causes he loved were sure of his loyal support in all companies. With this independent thought and frank speech were associated a most fascinating modesty and affectionate manners; forming altogether one of those characters we love to meet and grieve sorely to lose.

W. P.

We have received too late for insertion this week a Washington letter from Mr. J. Willis Menard. It will appear in our next. We invite attention to a letter copied from the *Washington Chronicle* giving an account of affairs in New Orleans, by Mr. Menard.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Seth Rogers, of Pomfret, Conn., formerly of Worcester, Mass., an excellent physician, and a superior man, has engaged to take the superintendence of the Sanitary Department of the new St. James's Hotel, to be opened at Jacksonville, Florida, on the first of next month. Though this new hotel is designed to furnish home comforts for all guests, arrangements have been made which offer special inducements to persons in feeble health who may wish to spend the winter in Florida. This is a favorable opening, which we doubt not will be gratefully welcomed by many invalids.

Miss Marietta Rice, of Natick, Mass., has made an earnest application for admission to Tufts's College, but thus far without success. She is a young woman of excellent native talent, of the best education the schools will afford, and is thoroughly qualified for admission. The President of the Board of Trustees acknowledges that there is no obstacle to her admission but her sex! How long shall such narrow and unjust ruling continue on the part of college authorities? We hope Miss Rice will persevere in her application, and that it may be so earnestly seconded, through the press and otherwise, by the friends of equal education, that the Board of Trustees will be ashamed, or no longer inclined to persist in a refusal. Miss Rice is a relative of Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood, of Boston, who has become well and favorably known as a temperance and lyceum lecturer.

Miss. Caroline F. Putnam, who with Miss. Emily Howland of Sherwoods, Cayuga Co., N. Y., has recently gone to Virginia to labor among the Freedmen, writes, Oct. 26th:

"Emily Howland and I were on Seneca Lake all night—coming from Geneva to Watkins. I read "What Answer." There was a set of civil but noisy students—about forty young men of Hobart College, Geneva—full of nonsense and fun—who did not settle to sleep till 2 o'clock in the morning. So I read the whole book nearly—and it is every whit splendid, with its brave, thrilling, noble enthusiasm! Beyond every thing in literature in its *fearlessness*—must have been written at a white-heat of purpose and feeling—and she hits and slashes and scores so heartily and straight at the fiend on every side of him, such quick skillful, blows, like the arch-angel in Guido's picture, that you feel he can't go stalking about again very soon in any decent society that has seen itself shown up in this mirror! Anna Dickinson has conquered difficulties and come off victorious—fought with all her dragons!"

Mrs. E. F. Rockwood, of Boston, in a letter dated November 3d, says:

"You told us lately of the honors won in a French College by young Robert Morris. His sister was my first playmate and earliest friend. Her house the pleasantest one I entered.

"Their father, Robert Morris Esq., was, you remember the protegé of Ellis Gray Loring who took him while very young into his office and trained him for the Bar. His success, in twenty years practice, has been marked, he has a lucrative business, and does credit to his training and his race. At one time he had a fair chance of being Mayor of the city of Chelsea, and in all the future of the colored race here is destined doubtless to play a prominent part.

"I lately spent a pleasant day with them. The little girl, my playmate, passed away years ago when little over ten years old. She was a fine scholar though a delicate child. An unmannerly boy threw a snow-ball, hitting her on the temple; disease of the brain followed. I wish I could tell you the touching sweetness and tenderness of her last hours. 'Mother don't blame the boy who made me die—I shall soon be white, and rest.' Robert while a mere child was remarkably bright and active, and distinguished very early at school for his proficiency. Those who knew him then still remember his wit and apt answers. When about ten, walking one day with a girl of his own age, through the principal street in Chelsea, a rude fellow called out across the street some impudence to 'the—nigger brat.' 'Can't help it,' was his quick retort "I be so, but my lady is as handsome and as white as any in Chelsea.' A year later he was sent to school in Montreal, but the climate proving too harsh for his delicate constitution, by the advice of physicians he went to the south of France and was a student in the 'Imperial College' for eight years, graduating last June with the highest honors and receiving two Gold Medals. The first was awarded for Oratory and Rhetoric, the second, for Philosophy and Classics. He stood also among the first in the languages, French, Italian and German, as well as Latin and Greek. Something of a hard nut for our contempt for that race to crack, this treble success of a colored man in one of the first French Colleges! "Pears" as though they had brains after all, does n't? Young Morris is spending the year in the north of England at a Catholic College, (his mother is a catholic,) to perfect himself in English literature; and then comes home. Shall we not welcome him cordially, an example to his race, an honor to his birthplace? There is work enough for all such young men to do; the more thoroughly taught the better. His friends will rejoice to see him join Remond, Douglass, Langston, and Purvis in the stout fight to show the capacity of colored men, and his readiness for all civil and political rights.

Eleanor F. Rockwood.

Boston, November 3d, 1868.

Circular.

PENNSYLVANIA MEETINGS AND FESTIVAL.

The Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Southern Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, Corner of Tenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, on *Thursday, the 10th of December*, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M.

On the Evening of the same day, the Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom will be held in Concert Hall, Chestnut Street, above 12th.

The Doors will open at 5 o'clock.

Your presence at this Meeting and Festival is earnestly requested.

The present condition of the country, the testimony to the fearful peril of the colored population in the South, which is continually borne by themselves and their friends who witness it, urge us by the strongest motives to work mightily for the consummation of their freedom. The solemn promise of the Nation, sealed by the Constitutional Amendment, which declares slavery illegal, can be fulfilled in good faith only by the protection of the ballot in their hands. This protection must be derived either from the Federal Constitution or a regenerated public sentiment in the Southern States.

The present demand of the Abolitionists on behalf of their clients is for such an amendment in our Federal Constitution as shall protect the colored men of the South in the exercise of their *right of suffrage;* and to accomplish *the complete and secured freedom of the American Slave*, we ask your hearty co-operation and aid.

The chief instrumentality by which we labor, is the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the only newspaper in the country which is specially devoted to the advocacy of a Constitutional Amendment which shall secure the Ballot to those who are now passing through the transition from chattel slavery to the freedom of American citizens.

The money which we ask you to entrust to us, will be faithfully and economically used to accomplish this end; and most of it will be spent in the support of The Standard.

To the value of this Journal, and the urgent need of its circulation, our Radical Congressmen constantly testify. So extensively and continually are its leading editorials copied by some of the great daily and weekly journals of the nation, that they have a larger number of readers than any other paper in the country. It is scarcely necessary to say that a paper devoted to Radical Reform never finds its subscription list sufficient for its support.

Many copies of The Standard are gratuitously circulated both in the Northern and Southern States.

We appeal to your patriotism and your philanthropy to respond to our call for help, by contributing such sums as may be suggested by your ability and your sense of the just claims which a race long enslaved by this nation has upon every one of us.

Contributions of Provisions for the Refreshment table of the Festival are also solicited.

Coffee, tea, sugar, oysters, celery, boiled chickens, (for salad), eggs, butter, cream, biscuits, cake, (especially home-made cake), etc., etc., will be gladly received.

All such contributions may be sent to the house of Mrs. Pierce, No. 501 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, or to the Hall during the day of the Festival.

Mary Grew.	Louisa A. Dorsey.
Lucretia Mott.	John K. Wildman.
Edward M. Davis.	Hannah P. Wildman.
Maria M. Davis.	Margaret J. Burleigh.
Robert Purvis.	Anna M. Hopper.
Harriet Purvis.	Maria Hopper.
Harriet D. Purvis.	Annie Shoemaker.
Emily H. Purvis.	Margaretta Forten.
Sarah M. Purvis.	Alfred H. Love.
Charlotte L. Peirce.	William D. Ingraham.
Sarah M. Peirce.	L. P. Danforth.
Joshua Peirce.	Anna E. Dickinson.
Charles W. Peirce.	Elizabeth Shreve.
Huldah Justice.	Caroline Shreve.
Elizabeth Justice.	Cyrus Whitsun.
Ellen M. Child.	William Still.

Gulielma M. Jones.

A Series of Meetings to be held in Pensylvania, during December, 1868:

Saturday Evening, December 5th.

Lecture by Wendell Phillips. Subject—Daniel O'Connell.

At Bristol, Pa. Admission Fee, 50 Cents.

Sunday Afternoon, December 6th.

Meeting in Newtown Hall, Newtown, Pa. Admission Fee, 25 Cents.

Monday Evening, December 7th.

Lecture by Wendell Phillips. Subject—The Times.

In Horticultural Hall, Westchester, Pa. Admission Fee, 25 Cents.

Tuesday Afternoon, December 8th.

Meeting in Horticultural Hall, Kennett Square, Pa.

Tuesday Evening, December 8th.

Lecture by Wendell Phillips. Subject—The Times.

At the same place. Admission Fee for both, 25 Cents.

Wednesday Evening, December 9th.

Lecture by Wendell Phillips. Subject—Daniel O'Connell.

At Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Admission Fee, 50 Cents.

Thursday Morning and Afternoon, December 10th

Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

At the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

No Admission Fee.

[We are authorized to mention that in addition to Wendell Phillips and others, the Rev. John T. Sargent of Boston will be among the speakers at this meeting.—Ed.]

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10TH.

FESTIVAL OF FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

At Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Admission Fee, 50 Cents.

A MEETING of the Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom, will be held at No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on every Wednesday, prior to December 8th, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

Business of importance demands the punctual attendance of all the members; and they are requested to bring with them any persons who are willing to assist in the work of preparation. MARY GREW, Chairman.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, November 9th, 1868.

"THE world moves," said one of our daily papers on Saturday last. The particular evidence of this fact which it had in mind was that "Thirty-one years ago to-day Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was killed by a mob in Alton, Illinois, for publishing an anti-slavery newspaper." The journal which makes this remark is one of our most enterprising and successful papers. Its enterprise, however, is in the way of business, not of reform, and all that reformers can expect from it is acquiescence in whatever work of theirs has attained accomplishment and public acceptance. People of this "worldly" sort—business men, who object to all agitation, even for a just cause, because it interferes with business—are apt to ascribe the triumph of the anti-slavery cause to great impersonal forces; the march of civilization, the logic of events, etc., etc. But at least they do not, like the churchly organs and officials who formerly opposed that cause, add insult to injury by now claiming the success as their own work, and pretending to have been always engaged in advocacy of it.

You have seen, no doubt, and I suppose you will publish in THE STANDARD of this week, the call just issued here for a Convention to consider the subject of Suffrage for Women. This call is issued by about sixty men and women of New England, whose weight of character, intellectual ability and moral elevation attest the importance of the subject, and the extent to which the public mind is already moved by it. The meeting is to be held in Horticultural Hall in this city, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th days of the present month, and it is believed that some of the best thought of the country will be there represented. Some of the sessions will be addressed by persons appointed or invited, and others will be for free discussion of the general subject. The Convention will of course decide in what direction, how far, and by what instrumentalities, to act; but it is expected that a Society will be formed to urge upon the public the reasons in behalf of women's suffrage, to show why it should be allowed and why it should be used, and to persevere until this very large portion of the governed are fairly represented in the government.

Park St. Church, in this city, which has had no settled minister since the departure of Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone for California, is about to install one this week. Dr. Stone was a zealous Republican, and a majority of his church not only hold that position, but consider themselves thoroughly anti-slavery in doctrine and practice. They voted for Lincoln in both his elections, and they have just now helped to swell Grant's majority; and if parsons Blagden and South-side Adams should be candidates for Congress, these Park St. people would vote against them, knowing that their principles are bad, and that their action would be adverse to the rights of the colored people. Nevertheless, Park St. church has invited these notorious persons to take part in its installation services, giving one more proof of the fact that piety, like charity, is allowed to cover a multitude of sins, and that the church is behind the world in its appreciation of moral character. The church maintained the worthiness and Christian character of its slaveholding members until the State, acting from "military necessity," took their slaves away from them; and, though the baseness of clerical defenders of slavery at the North has caused the "the world" to hold them in slight regard, the church clings to them, pays them public honors and does what it can to recompense them for their old-time zeal in quoting the Bible in behalf of slavery, and declaring that system not only patriarchal but Christian. The doctrine that extremes meet has never found a more perfect illustration than in the differing character of two classes of the thorough and systematic upholders of slavery. Mrs. Stowe has done full justice to both these classes in her novel "Dred." The pious Doctors Cushing, Packthread and Calker were just as zealous in maintaining slavery, and preventing all interference with it, as the profane and brutal profligate Tom. Gordon; these joined in declaring slavery desirable, good and satisfactory, while "the world" admitted it to be an evil, and the abolitionists stigmatized as a sin; and Reverend gentlemen of that class are still in as high repute for piety as ever *with the Church*, though outsiders are taking the liberty to form their own estimate of the worth of such piety.

The papers tell us that there are a thousand fortune-tellers in St. Petersburgh. It is not creditable to Boston that sixteen impostors of the same class make a living here, and find that it pays to advertise themselves in that character. Naturally enough, they are ignorant, as well as vulgar and vicious. One of them has declared her power to *foretell* the past, the present, and the future, but as most of her customers are themselves too ignorant to see any blunder there, the announcement probably does not deter them. The openly vicious character of some of the advertisements in question passes without notice in a paper, a large part of whose revenue comes from the public announcement of houses of assignation and means of obtaining abortion. And yet, as this paper is the cheapest in the city, and as the respectable portion of the press do not hesitate to quote it and refer to it as on a par with themselves, it goes into many decent families, and contributes very greatly to lower the moral feeling of the community. Strange as it may seem, too, some respectable women go to to consult the fortune-telling tribe.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10th, 1868.

MY letter will present but a single point for consideration. That refers to the proper object upon which Radicals should turn their critical batteries. Gen. Grant is President-elect. In giving him such an unparalleled majority, loyal Americans have only shown their unconquerable determination to preserve the Republic and defend their nationality. As the representative of that unquenchable spirit, Gen. Grant will be sworn into office as President of the United States, on the 4th day of March next—nearly four months hence.

Just now the Democratic politicians are demoralized. Some are sullen, but a great many are actively engaged in asserting that Gen. Grant will, as President, represent *their* views, and not that of the party and citizens who elected him. Believing Grant to be a man of firm personal integrity, I think the fellows who say this are either knaves or fools. Their object is at once apparent. They seek to irritate the Radicals, make them suspicious, arouse them to unfavorable criticism, and then, through that, work on Gen. Grant, hoping such criticism may excite his anger.

The insolence of these knavish politicastors is annoying, but we ought not to be caught in their trap. *The proper body to look to for Radical action, to urge on to Radical duty, and to hold to account for short-comings, should there be any, are the Republicans in Congress, about to assemble for the last session of the XLth Congress.*

A simple review of the situation and of Gen. Grant's character will, your correspondent thinks, convince any one that he, as President, will mainly be renowned for executing the laws passed for him and the people by Congress. *Let us then demand of Congress now, and until we gain irrevocable guarantees, that they pass the proper laws and submit the needed amendments.*

The third session of the XLth Congress, with a more than two-thirds Republican vote in it, has the power to submit by the last of December an amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing universal suffrage and education. If they will pass it, the thirty Republican State Legislatures already, or recently, elected will be certain to ratify the same, and *before President Grant takes his seat, the question of color will be eliminated from national politics.* The most ardent supporter Grant has could ask no greater favor than this for him.

Congress can do it. If it will, the hopes of the Democracy will be as chaff blown by a strong autumn wind. Who of us will then care so much as to the politicians he may employ. Congress must be made to do it! Let Mr. Philips open the demand. Let THE STANDARD urge it in and out of season if needs be. Our sun shines now; let us make hay while its rays are warmest.

Should the Democracy succeed in Louisiana and Arkansas, by the connivance of Rousseau, in murdering the loyal office holders, dismantling the State Governments thereby, and under the reign of terror that exists, succeed in electing Ku-Klux leaders to the control of those States, who is to right the wrong thus done? General Grant cannot, either as General or President. Congress must give him laws to execute—must take action demanding his aid. So with the Georgia outrages—political and seditious. Congress can go behind the record and override and set aside the wrong done; Grant cannot. Let us demand that it do its whole duty. Let us compel it, if possible. Hold the Wasburnes', *id omne genus*, to the accountability that properly belongs to them. The Radical cause is in the hands of Congress. Let us hold the mirror to the Republicans there. ASMODEUS.

PROSCRIPTION IN NEW YORK.

THE following letter from MR. SIGISMOND LASAR, of this city, indicates the urgent necessity of the additional amendment of the National Constitution, which we urge, to put an end to such outrages as that of which he writes, the fruit of the insulting property qualification still allowed to disgrace the Empire State:

NEW YORK, November 7th, 1868.

To The Editor of The Standard:

ON the thirty-first day of October, an intelligent colored man, Daniel Morrison residing at No. 243 Eight avenue, presented himself for registration at the Place of Registry for the 14th Election District in the Sixteenth Ward—at No. 199 Ninth avenue. The Chairman of the Board of Registry—a member of the Democratic party—at once proposed to the Applicant, that the oath should be administered. Mr. Morison took the oath which is as follows:

"You do swear (or affirm) that you are of the age of twenty one years; that for three years you have been a citizen of this State, that you have been an inhabitant of this State for one year next preceding this day, and during that time have been, and that you now are seized and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, over and above all debts and incumbrances charged thereon, and have been actually rated and paid tax thereon, and that you have been for the last four months a resident of this county; that you have been for the last thirty days next preceding this day a resident of this assembly district (or ward), and and that you are now a resident of this ward and of this election district; and that you have not made any bet or wager, and are not directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager depending on the result of this, the next election."

The name of Mr. Morrison was put upon the Registry by the Board consisting of four, two Democrats and two Republicans. The Chairman demanding that the word "colored" should be placed on the margin against the name, which I refused to do, although his petty malice wanted to make me believe, that such was the law. On the day of election—November 3d.—Mr. Morrison appeared at the polls as a voter, when to the surprise of Mr. Morrison, this Democratic Chairman refused his vote, alleging that the two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of Real Estate had to be situated in the State, in which the voter resided Mr. Morrison is the owner of about Six Thousand Dollars' worth of property in Rhode Island. The voter claimed his right to be sworn in, as this Chairman of the Board of Inspection challenged his right to vote, but this tool of the falsely called Democratic party refused even that. Mr. Morrison left the polls. In about an hour or so he returned with a note from Mr. Geo. Bliss jr., in which the Board of Inspectors were informed by and through the authority of Hon. Judge James of the N. Y. Supreme Court, that to refuse the vote of this man would certainly involve them in a suit in which the claimant for the right of franchise would recover heavy damage against them. The Chairman in an emphatic and not by any means elegant manner stated that those directions would not be heeded by him, fortifying himself, by stating that he had consulted both Republicans (Heaven save the mark!) and Democrats, who had pronounced his judgment correct. As the two Republican Inspectors differed, I assumed the responsibility to administer the Oath, which was the same as the above quoted, to which Mr. Morrison renewedly assented. I then directed him to offer the vote to the Chairman, which the latter again refused to take. There being an equal division in the Board we were compelled to refuse the vote of Mr. Morrison. I hope most sincerely, that Mr. Daniel Morrison will carry this case before the highest judicial tribunal. I need not assure you how mortified I feel at this contemptible outrage, when, as your readers will perceive, the law in this respect is as clear as the shining of the sun at meridian. S. LASAR,

Inspector of Registry and Election, 14th District, 16th Ward N. Y.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

LOYAL BLOOD CHEAP IN NEW ORLEANS—THE TRIUMPH OF REBELLION AND THUGGERY—THEY ARE ENCOURAGED AND SUPPORTED BY FEDERAL BAYONETS.

Correspondence of the Washington Chronicle.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 3d.

HAVING just arrived from New Orleans, I desire to lay a few *facts* before the government regarding the real state of things in Louisiana.

The failure of impeachment, and also the failure of Congress in repealing the law by which Louisiana, in common with the balance of the rebel States, is prevented from organizing a militia, have served to transfer unimpaired the whole State into the bloody hands of the rebels. That there is no government in Louisiana is a fact too often confirmed by the story of blood and murder which ladens every breeze and mail from the South. That reconstruction is a lamentable failure, and the rebellion a complete success in Louisiana, under Gens. Buchanan and Rousseau, is a fact which does not need any confirmation from me. To place the Congressional reconstruction of Louisiana into the hands of Hancock, Buchanan and Rousseau was the same, comparatively speaking, as placing the keys of a bank into the hands of a band of highwaymen and cut-throats. Nothing could have been more preposterous. Just imagine Gen. Rousseau leaving his headquarters to pay a complimentary visit to the hall of the notorious "Innocents"—a band of cut-throats and assassins, who are hired and equipped by the rebel aristocracy of New Orleans to sack Republican club-rooms, desecrate colored churches, murder and commit outrages upon colored citizens, rob and plunder their personal effects and property, and, in general, to carry out Frank Blair's programme. Instead of sending a company of soldiers to arrest these desperadoes, Gen. Rousseau goes *himself* and makes a speech to them, and tells them in substance that every murder committed in New Orleans would be placed on his shoulders, and, in consequence of this responsibility begs them to be quiet. The New Orleans *Times* says the "Innocents" cheered him. The occasion was the same as when Seymour appeared to his "friends" in the New York July riot of 1863. These "Innocents" are innocent fellows, indeed! They are Sicilians, and make their living ostensibly by peddling oysters, onions, fruits and the like. These are the sort of tools which the "solid" rebels of New Orleans employ to do their dirty work.

The colored people apprehend more danger from the white troops, especially the First United States infantry, than from the rebels. At Gretna, opposite New Orleans, the soldiers, who have been sent there to preserve order, act entirely under the direction of the rebels. Poor, unoffending colored men are arrested by the "citizens," and placed in the hands of the troops for safe keeping.

There has not been a day or night in New Orleans, for the last two weeks, in which some of the colored people were not killed, outraged, or robbed by bands of white outlaws. Many of these outrages are committed within a few squares of Rousseau's headquarters. Troops are seen only *after* the riots. After dozens of loyal men are murdered or secretly assassinated, Gen. Rousseau sends one or two cavalry officers as a false show, and to throw dust into the eyes of the loyal people.

Gov. Warmoth is as powerless as a child, and to save his own life he has been forced to make disgraceful compromises with the rebels.

Colored policemen have been removed, and their places have been filled by some of John T. Monroe's thugs of the 30th July, 1866, notoriety. The rebel press advise the people not to pay any taxes, and to resist all laws enacted by the "black and tan" Legislature. The programme of the rebels is to assassinate secretly all the leading loyal men, black and white, and overthrow the State government.

There will be no protection nor safety for the lives and property of the loyal people of Louisiana until a new set of troops and a loyal commander are sent there, and those removed who are now there silently and secretly helping the rebels. The blame does not lay on Andrew Johnson's shoulders, but Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, Henderson and company are directly responsible to the Almighty, and the civilized world for the loyal blood which reddens the rivers of the South and the streets of New Orleans to-day. It remains to be seen now if Congress will come together on the 10th inst., and take some steps to rescue shrieking loyalty at the South. More than five hundred loyal men have been butchered within the last three months in Louisiana. Many of these murders have been committed within gunshot of Federal bayonets, and hundreds more will be committed before President Grant takes his seat. The only way to subdue the new rebellion at the South is to declare martial law in all those States and place Gen. Butler in command. He is the only man in America who can disband the rebels and make reconstruction a success. Let Congress come together quickly, and take a short cut to justice. Let Johnson be impeached and deposed from office before the 20th inst. The Republican party have a new lease of power now over the nation, and it should finish the noble work which has been too long delayed. Every month's delay now will cost the nation one thousand loyal lives. If something is not done *immediately*, the second rebellion will cost the nation more than the first.

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.

We received the following note from Miss Putman, after our last week's issue had gone to press. It illustrates the fearful extent to which the "New Reign of Terror," under Johnson, Rousseau, Steedman, & Co., prevails in New Orleans:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3d, 1868.

DEAR MR. POWELL: Last evening MR. J. WILLIS MENARD arrived directly from New Orleans.

The colored men will not vote in that city to-day. They would be murdered if they appeared at the polls. The Rebels mean to assassinate all prominent Radicals and Union men and get entire control of affairs. Mr. Menard says they have all the troops now under Gen. Rousseau, and the colored men cannot get arms—an old law of Congress made in the war forbids a *militia*. He believes there will be *war*—a great war which the government, especially the Senate, might have prevented, and that the times will not be any more peaceful but *worse* after the election of Grant.

Southern ladies waved their hankerchiefs and cheered from the balconies as the Rebels shot into the procession of Radicals last week, killing men and women, one with a baby in her arms.

Mr. Menard fled the city at peril of his life, not daring to appear at a depot or steamboat landing in the city. He took a skiff up the river, and was on the train that fought its way through the mob at Huntsville, Alabama, Friday; saw the two men just killed there. Mr. Menard speaks gratefully of THE STANDARD, for daring to tell the truth as no other paper does. In haste and very truly, C. F. PUTNAM.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

CALL.

WE the undersigned, recognizing the so-called "woman question" as fundamental in its relations to society and to government—a question, therefore, demanding honest investigation and wise treatment—unite in calling a convention for the discussion of the principles involved in it, and for the formation of a society to secure their application.

We propose, as the basis of our discussion and subsequent action, the equality of the sexes before God—as written in the nature and duties and destinies of both, and as announced in the Old and the New Testaments, in the significient words, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion. So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them;" and, "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female:"—and the rights of the individual, as set forth in the following ever-memorable words of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and "that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We hold it a self-evident truth, also, that these principles, applied to the women as to the men of any nation or race, must produce the best results; and that such application is necessary to the normal development of human society.

We, therefore, invite the thoughtful men and women of New England, who are willing to join us in such deliberation and action, to meet in convention, at Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th days of November instant, to organize a permanent association, for the wise, systematic and efficient advocacy of woman suffrage, and its kindred civil and political rights.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., Boston,
Rev. Jacob M. Manning, D. D., Boston,
Julia Ward Howe, Boston,
Colonel T. W. Higginson, Newport, R. I.,
Hon. John Godfrey, Bangor, Me,
Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld, Hyde Park,
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SPEECH BY GEN. BUTLER.

LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH—A CONTINGENCY UNDER WHICH IMPEACHMENT MAY BE REVIVED.

LOWELL, Nov, 5th.—Gen. Butler was greeted last evening by about 3,000 of his fellow-citizens, to whom he made a brief speech. He had triumphed, he said, under the motto of equality to all men and equal rights under the law, by using freedom's great weapon, the ballot. He hailed our glorious triumph of Republican principles throughout the land, and believed that it would bring peace and prosperity; we shall not long have murder after murder and riot after riot. Look at New Orleans, from which we have reported 25,000 for Seymour, and 276 for Grant. There was a time, as he remembered, when the people of that city behaved better—(applause), and he felt confident that such a time would come once again. Several Southern States have voted for Seymour, or are in doubt, because men's lives were threatened if they attempted to vote. When Congress meets, as it will in a short time, it will be our purpose to find a remedy for this state of things, and if Andrew Johnson does not second our efforts, though it may be late in the day, we will try to provide for him. (Applause). If the Republican party is true to the great Democratic principles of Jefferson and others, it will hold the government for a generation to come. We must be true to the doctrines of equality, and trust in the virtue and integrity of the great mass of the people, rather than to any member selected from among them. Let us pledge ourselves as a party in power with a renewed lease, said Gen. Butler, that we will aid in carrying out the principles by which we have triumphed.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA PEACE SOCIETY.

SECOND Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, Assembly buildings, Philadelphia, November 19th and 20th, 1868. Commencing Thursday, at half-past seven o'clock p.m., and continuing Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock, and evening, half-past seven o'clock.

It is time that we had a living and practical realization of the universal cry, "Let there be Peace!"

Peace being natural, desirable, and possible, we need to make it deserved. To do this we must remove the causes and abolish the custom of war. We must be pure that we may be peaceable, and peaceable that we may be pure.

This movement, therefore, is one for the people. It is no respecter of persons, creeds, nationalities, or conditions. It is for the life, liberty, and happiness of the race of man. It means practical work and a grander civilization.

The programme of the meetings will embrace the consideration of political, religious, and social reform; the recent Union with Foreign Peace Societies; a Code of International Law; Disarmament and Arbitration; the Indians; Equal Rights; and the four questions before the Berne Peace Congress. We ask a general attendance, and the co-operation of all similar organizations.

Among the speakers who are confidently expected to be present are Levi K. Joslin, Rhode Island, Lucretia Mott, Jacob L. Paxson, and Aaron M. Powell, New York, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Send Contributions in aid of the Cause and Letters intended for the Meeting to

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.
No. 634 Race street.

COMMITTEE:

ALFRED H. LOVE, T. ELLWOOD CHAPMAN, RACHEL W. TOWNSEND, SARAH T. BETTS, SARAH T. ROGERS, JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, Jr., and others.

LITERARY.

The November number of *Putnam's Magazine* opens with the query, "Who of us are Insane?" The question is discussed by Dr. Geo. M. Beard, who asserts that insanity increases in frequency and violence with the progress of civilization and is a part of the price we pay for intellectuality and refinement. He calls it "dyspepsia of the brain," and says that many more persons are afflicted with the incipient forms of it than we suppose. He describes the various developments of the disease and cites as examples, many interesting cases. He thinks Nero, Caligula, Jeffreys and others were insane. In considering insanity in its relation to crime he says:

"If it be objected, as it may be by some, that the views here advocated would, if logically followed out, lead to the acquittal of many of our criminals, I can only give the familiar reply, that the worst use a man can be put to is to hang him. Confinement is a sure punishment for the really guilty, and a safe probation for the insane."

H. J. Tuckerman gives the story of the life and death of "Lorenzo Daponte" to whose memory a monument is about to be erected in his native place Ceneda, a small city of Venetia. C. E. Robins tells of his experience "With the Nuns" where he learned a lesson of charity from which he is convinced that "there is a wonderful family-likeness to all good people everywhere." The editor takes exception to some of the views expressed on Catholicism. The letter on "Woman Suffrage" purporting to be from a mother to her daughter, is an effective argument for the enfranchisement of woman. Mothers as well as daughters will do well to give it "candid consideration." "Whom the People Will Elect and Why," is a strong political article, reviewing the present situation, contrasting the two party platforms, and discussing the financial question. Of Suffrage, the writer says:

"Suffrage has its evils, but the denial of the suffrage is wholly evil. The way to prepare men to vote is to give them the ballot, and forthwith ten thousand orators mount the stump to give them gratuitous instruction. Withhold the ballot, and the same orators will prove that the flood-gates of society would be unloosed if the ballot were conferred. Pigs are of two kinds—those who are in the clover, and those who are trying to get in. The pig in the clover is conservative, and believes in fences. The pig out of clover is radical, and believes in passage-ways. There is a great deal of human nature in pigs.

"Four millions of people once enslaved, then emancipated, but denied the suffrage, would have continued to be as great a monstrosity and as fruitful a source of political agitation and sectional strife as they were when slaves. Peace between the races at the South being impossible and liberty existing only in name, the North would have labored for reform, and the South for disunion. All the evils from which emancipation was supposed to have delivered us, would have returned to testify that, in the denial of the suffrage, emancipation had been repealed and slavery restored. Universal suffrage was not then a new fact, but a part of emancipation."

The other contributions are "Unexplored Regions of Central America;" "Commercial Progress in China;" "Anthem of the Universe;" "Watching the River;" "The Three Work Days;" "The Founders of Globe City;" "A Day With the Babies;" "The Mountain of Knowledge," by C. P. Cranch; "If," by John F. Piatt; "A Day of Surprises," by Virginia Vaughan, and, "Life in the Argentine Republic."

The supplement of *Putnam's Magazine* gives a history of the Wood Lease case "The Ermine in the Ring."

The Phrenological Journal for November, contains portraits and biographical sketches of Max Muller the Philological Scholar and Author; Isaac Taylor, the eminent writer on Christian Ethics; Schiller, Chamisso, Gellert, Uhland, Heine, German Lyric Poets; Isabella, the late Queen of Spain; Mrs. T. McGath, 107 years old; Gounod the author of "Faust," besides instructive articles and sketches on "The Antiquity of Man," "The Play of Macbeth;" "Is Man Immortal?" "Getting Rich;" "The German Murderess, Baroness Ebergenyi, or Culture and Crime;" "The Crisis in her Life;" "Emerson on the Eye;" "Recreation *vs.* Stimulation;" "Tobacco and Bald-heads;" "A Good Judge of Character;" "The New England Fisheries;" "May Twins Marry."

In the *Herald of Health* for November, Rev. J. L. Corning writes of "The Divine Law of Work and Play;" Mrs. C. H. Dall gives many "Incontrovertible Facts" concerning suffrage, labor, wages and education for women; Dr. J. H. Hanaford discusses the "Dress of Females;" Rev. Henry Ward Beecher tells some plain truths about "Stealing," and Mrs. Horace Mann contributes valuable suggestions on the "New Processes of Education" and the Kindergarten School. There are also other interesting articles which give variety to this excellent periodical.

The North British Review for September (Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York), has the following articles: "Bartolomas de Las Casas;" "The Greek Gnomic Poets;" "On the Education of the Imbecile;" "Zwingli, the Reformer;" "France in Europe and Africa;" "The Four Ancient Books of Wales;" "Nathaniel Hawthorne;" "Positivism."

The contents of the November number of *Merry's Museum* are: "Jacko. A True Story," Cousin Alice; "Under the Ice; or, The Lost Ibex-Hunter," From the German; "Pets and Sports in Tasmania. The Ride for Life," M. G. Sleeper; "Little Pearl." Chap. VIII. Conclusion. H. B. G.; "The Kite," L. A. B.; "Milestones of English History." VII., Cousin Alice; "Mink Curtiss; or, Life in the Backwoods." Chap. IV.; "Will's Wonder-Book." VIII. L. M. Alcott; "Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag;" "Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer;" Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends; and a pleasing poem by Miss Louisa Alcott, which we reprint:

OUR LITTLE GHOST.

Out, in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,
In the quiet dusky chamber,
By the flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome little ghost it is,
Rosy-cheeked, and bright of eye;
With yellow curls all breaking loose
From the small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
For the "big dark" brings no dread.
And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is;
Safe the night seems as the day;
The moon is but a gentle face,
And the sighing winds are gay.
The solitude is full of friends,
And the hour brings no regrets;
For, in this happy little soul,
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is,
Dancing gaily by itself,
On the flowery counterpane,
Like a tricksy household elf;
Nodding to the fitful shadows,
As they flicker on the wall;
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;
And, when lonely gambols tire,
With chubby hands on chubby knees,
It sits winking at the fire.
Fancies innocent and lovely
Shine before those baby-eyes—
Endless fields of dandelions,
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

A loving little ghost it is:
When crept into its nest,
Its hand on father's shoulder laid,
Its head on mother's breast,
It watches each familiar face,
With a tranquil, trusting eye;
And, like a sleepy little bird,
Sings its own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
Lest baby play till dawn,
Wake and watch their folded flower—
Little rose without a thorn.
And, in the silence of the night,
The hearts that love it most,
Pray tenderly above its sleep,
"God bless our little ghost!"

The Little Corporal for November is enlarged, and enclosed in a handsome engraved cover. It is edited by Alfred L. Sewall and Emily Huntingdon Miller, at Chicago, for one dollar a year. Though a juvenile magazine, it claims to appeal to "older people who have young hearts."

RECEIVED.

The Herald of Health for November. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

Merry's Museum for November. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

The New York Teacher for November. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co.

The Gardener's Monthly for November. Philadelphia: Brinkloe and Marot.

The Sailor's Magazine and Seaman's Friend for November. New York: 80 Wall street.

The Little Corporal for November. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewall.

Putnam's Magazine Supplement. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS.

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WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON's new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

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It will be on the side of liberty and healthy progress, and will labor to leaven all great questions with the intrinsic truths of the gospel. Being no party organ of Religion or Politics, its discussions are free, fearless and positive. Through it, we propose to think of all questions in their sources and groundwork. Its correspondents are able men, who write under no fear of sect. Its selections of prose and poetry are varied in character, and the best in the language. We give, each week, an interesting and beautiful story. The tone of the paper is of the highest order.

Its circulation is already large and daily increasing—having readers in almost every State and Territory of the Union. It thus commends itself as one of the best advertising mediums, as well as one of the most instructive and healthy family papers in the West.

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BOSTON HYMN.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said—I am tired of Kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a State.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires.
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling and him that hires;

And here in a pine State-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty—
In church, and State, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun—
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue sound.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim!
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. *Pay him!*

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as Behemoth strong.

Come East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry My purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

For the Standard.

A LEAF FROM CHINESE ANNALS.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

ONE of the remarkable episodes in Chinese history is that of a socialistic agitation which in the Eleventh Century divided the great Empire into parties, full of zeal, excited by polemical earnestness, and engaged in the discussion of the knottiest questions of social and political economy. The chief of the reformers or socialists, *Wang-ngan ché*, was a man of most remarkable talents. He lived long, and agitated during the reigns of several Emperors. Of course there are different views as to his character; one representing him as of remarkable purity of life and purpose, and the other as a haughty demagogue, seeking only his own success and desirous of uprooting all that was honorable and old. The enormity of the last count among that people can be appreciated when it is borne in mind that the Chinese have such veneration for their ancestors, that a man who by virtue of ability and effort becomes of service to the State and is rewarded with certain honors therefore, reaches the acme of his ambition when he is allowed to bestow the titles he himself possesses upon the memories and names of his parents and remoter ancestors. Honors are not hereditary, except in the retrogressive sense. *Wang-ngan-ché* seems to have rendered himself liable to a charge quite as common in modern times as then. He was a theoretical and not a "practical" statesman—that is to say, he consulted truth rather than expediency, and knowing that the best way to govern is to be just, aimed to reach a knowledge of the absolute principles which, under many forms, really control the affairs of men.

In evidence of this it is recorded that during the year 1069, several provinces were visited with terrible maladies, pestilences, earthquakes and a severe drought. As the custom was and still is, "The censors seized the occasion to invite the Emperor to examine if there were faults in his conduct to amend, or abuses in his government to reform; and the Emperor testified his sorrow by abstaining from certain pleasures, music and fetes in the palace. The reforming minister disaproved of this homage to old prejudices. 'These calamities' said he to the Emperor, 'have settled and unvarying causes; earthquakes, drought and inundations have no connection with the actions of man. Do you hope to change the ordinary course of things, and that nature should alter her laws, for you?'"*

This realistic view of things of course aroused the indignation of his rival—a famous "practical" statesman and historian, well known to Chinese annals, and the socialist was soundly berated for trying to "destroy the fear of heaven."

His opinions and sayings sound very much like the words of men known in our day and generation, and this Chinese agitator of the Eleventh Century, might not find himself very much out of place, judging by the following specimen of his views, even in the International Labor Congress, recently held at Brussels. They certainly would receive the approval of Mr. John Ruskin:

"The first and most essential duty of a government, said the Chinese Socialist, "is to love the people, and to procure them the real advantages of life, which are plenty and pleasure. To accomplish this object it would suffice to inspire every one with the unvarying principles of rectitude, but as all might not observe them, the State should explain the manner of following these precepts and enforce obedience by wise and inflexible laws. *In order to prevent the oppression of man by man the State should take possession of all the resources of the Empire and become the sole master and employer.* The State should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with the view of succoring, the working classes and preventing their being ground to the dust by the rich."

Under the system of *Wang-ngan-ché*, the State became the sole proprietor of the soil, [nominally at least, this has always been the case in China. The Emperor is still the theoretical proprietor of the soil.] Tribunals were to be established to assign lands annually to the farmers and distribute seed; the loans to be repaid in grain or provisions. These tribunals were to determine the character of the crops to be sown and worked. They were also to regulate prices of bread-stuff, merchandise, etc. Taxes were to be imposed for a certain number of years—on the rich only. Who should be so taxed was to be determined by the courts. The taxes thus assessed to be distrbuted among the needy, the aged poor, and those out of work.

The bold agrarianism thus advocated was actually put into operation, amidst the applause of the reformer's followers. The social revolution thus begun, by the Emperor's consent, was resisted vigorously through protests and arguments by the able opponent of the Socialists' leader—*Sse-ma-Kouang*, the historian. The Chinese annals perserve one remarkable paper in which he very acutely analyzes the practical results of the Utopian propositions then being enforced. He was sustained, of course, by all the well-to-do, at whose prosperity it might be supposed the socialist movement was a direct blow, and by most of the able men of the land. But *Wang-ngan-ché* had the Emperor's ear and maintained his position, carrying out his schemes through the reign of *Cheu-tsoung* As was to be expected, under such an application of the "Interference by Government Theory," the State went to ruin. Corruption reigned all over the land, private property was destroyed, and the condition of the masses became deplorable. At least, so say the Chronicles. But as the reformer attempted to extend his innovations to the literary class—then, as now, the most conservative and even retrogressive element in China—remodeling the system of examinations and grades of literary rank, he doubtless incurred their direst hostility. They pilloried him in the records, and in all probability the more unfavorable representations of *Wang-ngan-ché's* are alone preserved.

After several variations of fortune the advocates of these ideas were, in 1129, driven from the country and the whole system was overthrown. It is believed by some students and writers on Asiatic affairs, that their exile beyond the Great Wall, was indirectly at least, the cause of that great Tartar movement which under Tchinggis (or Ghenghis) Khan, swept in such immense force from the vast interiors of the "Mother Continent," and subsided only on the shores of the Bosphorous. The Chinese Socialists were numerous bold and full of unrest. Their advent among the Tartar tribes created a ferment, only wanting a leader, who came in the person of the Great Khan. If further investigation and acquaintance, with Chinese and other Asiatic annals, should establish as true this curious suggestion, it will indeed be a speculation worthy of note, to inquire how far the terrible barbarian irruptions which have at different times swept over Europe, were the result of movements arising in the midst of those elder civilizations that have dwelt upon the shores of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and in the great interior of that portion of Asia? A socialistic effort in China resulting in the establishment of the Turks on the Mediterranean, and of the Tartars in Russia, would seem very much like anachronrism, but nevertheless may be an actual fact.

*Abel Remusat's Nouveaux Melanges Asaitiques.

SUMMER RAIN.

THE plumy boughs nod in the breeze;
The sunlight ebbs upon the plain:
A sound, like that of distant seas,
Then—summer rain.

A pleasant whisper overhead;
A rustling in the fields of grain;
Sigh gently o'er the quiet dead,
O summer rain!

Dead, kindly benison for all!
What tender longing, sweet yet vain,
Stirs in my heart, with your bright fall,
Sweet summer rain!

Atlantic Almanac.

From the Galaxy.

ANECDOTES OF GUROWSKI.

COUNT ADAM DE GUROWSKI, was a member of one of the most ancient and noble families in Europe. The family was not only noble, but, under the old Polish constitution, had for centuries been of senatorial rank. The brother of Count Adam married an Infanta of Spain. Notwithstanding this breeding and social position, Count Gurowski was a democrat of the simplest and most absolute principles, and although his father has owned more white slaves than any Southerner owned negroes before the rebellion, he was among the fiercest opponents of slavery. He showed an early inclination to politics of the larger school, and by his liberalism made himself obnoxious to the Russian government before he had reached manhood. Taking part in the ill-starred Polish revolt of 1830, he was condemned to death, during his absence at Paris. There, a few years afterward, he wrote a book upon Panslavism; which effort for the unity and elevation of the Slavic race caused him to be called to St. Petersburg by the late Emperor Nicholas, and employed in the service of the State.

While in this position he made himself many and powerful enemies at Court by the freedom and sharpness of his criticisms of the conduct of men in high rank and place. His inability to restrain censure of this kind for a long time, and the severity of his criticism when it did break out, not less than misfortunes of his country, caused his unhappy, but still self-abnegating and honorable life. He would carry his wrath and indignation long "long buttoned up," to use his own phrase, and then it would break forth in a torrent of denunciation. Wishing to avoid the fate which in Russia frequently overtakes those who offend great nobles, he fled that country without the Emperor's permission, and after living in Germany, France and Italy for some years, arrived here in 1849. He went at first a good deal into the most cultivated society; and from the fact that he appeared to be without either fortune or education, had with many people the credit of being a Russian spy.

This suspicion was perhaps helped by his use of clouded spectacles with side blinds, which he wore chiefly to conceal the mutilation of one eye, lost in a duel, and which gave what was thought a sinister expression to his face. His learning, the wideness of his general information, and his great experience of affairs, and acquaintance with eminent public men in Europe, made him a most instructive and entertaining companion; for he talked impressively and freely, in spite of an inability to master completely the English idiom and pronunciation, which is not common among his countrymen. His difficulty with the idiom was greater even in writing than in speaking, and yet it was chiefly upon his pen that he depended for the means of his frugal life while here. All that he wrote had to be revised by some friend, to make it fluent English, before it went to press. At one time he was so reduced, that although an old man, he labored as a gardener in Cambridge.

His life was an honorable one, though he was often in sore straits for the means of living; and, in the correctness of his conduct, he was unlike the usual well-to-do merchant's idea of an exiled Polish Count or a "literary Bohemian" as possible. He was at one time a writer for the New York *Tribune*. He also published three books, full of the results of calm, close observation and original thought—"Russia as It Is," "America and Europe," and "Slavery in History." The second is by far the ablest book that has been written upon this country, except De Tocqueville's, by the side of which, however, it may well be placed. Its few errors all flow from its one great error—a failure to understand or to admire what, for lack of another word, we must call Anglo-Saxonism, which was one of Count Gurowski's weak points. These books were not very profitable, nor did they make for their author a very wide reputation.

About the beginning of the war, Gurowski was employed in one of the bureaus of the State Department, whence he wrote to a friend in this city, after some exceedingly sharp criticisms upon the conduct of military affairs, the justice and foresight of which subsequent events have fully justified: "I am well, and not overpowered with labor. I besides write a critical, historical and philosophical diary of present events." This diary, the third volume of which has since appeared, created no small sensation. It is merciless in its criticism and denunciation, without respect of person, or position, or even obligation. It strikes all—Republican, Democrat, friend or foe—with unsparing and undiscriminating hand. Yet it is no less marked by the heartiness and impartiality of its praise. One effect it had which was unfortunate for its author; it cost him his place in the State Department. Had he been sure that it would do so, and that he would therefore have lacked bread, he still would have published it. His feeling for any cause that he espoused was so earnest and so absorbing that he could not believe in the honesty of those who maintained opposite views. He had one evening an argument, which became sharp, with a Mr. C——, of Cambridge. Meeting a mutual friend next morning, they talked a few minutes on opposite sides of a muddy road, and parted. After each had gone a few rods, it suddenly occured to Gurowski that his acquaintance would see Mr. C——, in the course of the morning, when, wheeling round, he shouted:

"Hullo, A.!"

A. turned, and Gurowski cried at the top of his voice:

"Tell C——, that he is an infamous liar."

Now C——, had been one of the best friends that Gurowski, had in Cambridge. His denunciations, however, were always provoked by what were, in his eyes at least, injustice, bigotry, or, what irritated him exceedingly, snobbish pretension. These, or the attempt to justify them, provoked his wrath or his contempt. To a man born in his position, with his knowledge of the world abroad, the attempts made here by some people to set themselves up as society, and to assume the position of the European aristocracy, were ridiculous and irritating. What, to a man whose name was in the Almanac de Gotha, and whose family had possessed a domain and village of serfs for centuries, were the differences between people who had made money thirty or fifty years ago in trade and those who had just made it or not made it? In his last diary, just published, he breaks out, the italic emphasis being his own: "It will do for perverse newspapers, or for as perverse politicians, or for that most nauseous and disgusting American social excresence, *the would-be gentlemen, the would-be well instructed, the would-be better classed, the would-be well connected*, it will do for all such to advocate the election of any military man whatever, but it is not what any truly self governing people ought ever to do."

One evening at a party, a lady who, in virtue of wealth, some cleverness and unbounded pretension and self-possession, assumed the position of a leader in society, took what seemed to the poor nobleman a very high and unbecoming tone. She received an unmistakable rebuff to the surprise of the people around her, among whom she had been accustomed to have her own way. Some of them spoke to him about his reply (which was one that the lady could not notice without a confession that she had received a check), and asked him "Why he had snubbed Mrs.——so? She was not accustomed to it."

"H'm!" the Count replied, in his queer English, "why not snoob her? I have snoobed the Emperor of Roossia; why should I not snoob Mrs.——?"

He was from the beginning an earnest advocate of the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860. To an acquaintance, who objected to his want of social culture, and sometimes coarse phraseology, Gurowski replied: "What does that matter to us in this country? Seence we cannot have the real refinement, we had better have Old Ah-bay"—that being his pronunciation of Abe. Democratic as he was, however (and he had renounced his title and become a citizen of the United States), he had a full appreciation of the requirements of society, and of how much he lost who did not, to a certain degree, conform to them. One of his friends, who had worked hard during the first Lincoln canvass, was appointed Secretary of Legation. This man was exceedingly careless about his dress and person. For a long time he held the appointment under consideration and finally declined it.

"H'm," said Gurowski to a mutual friend. "—— is hoofed (huffed). He thinks he should be full, Meenester. He is a good fellow—but," raising his goggles, "h'm! full Meenester wiz deerty sheert!"

Count Gurowski had, with all his cynicism and his roughness of tongue, a tender heart, and when he had discovered an error on his part, would confess and ask pardon with such sorrowful self-abnegation as would touch any heart not ice-bound in conceit and egotism. Appreciation and consideration won him far more than favor.

"Count," said one of his friends to him," "you have quarrelled with everybody but me; I suppose my turn will come soon."

"No; I shall never quarrel wiz you. You are always polite and considerate to a poor old man."

In his last diary, Gurowski notices the emancipation of the Polish peasantry in these touching words: "April 13—The aspirations of my whole life are finally fulfilled. They have become a fact. * * * * * I was about ten years old when I began to believe in this emancipation, and to agitate for it. Half a century I spent not only in hope but in working for it; at times attempting to accomplish it. And now it is done, and whatever I suffered or shall suffer, is, at least in part, healed. In the name of those restored to the fullness of human rights, the Romanoffs are forgiven for all the misfortunes and the evils heaped upon the Poles. * * * In the course of the last fifty years, Alexander I., Constantine, Nicholas, Michael, Alexander II., his brother Constantine, six Romanoffs in all, each specially has wronged and hurt me; but now all is forgiven." The poor old man had not long to suffer after this realization of his hopes, and sleeps now, after a sorrowful life, for the griefs and privations of which his own impracticable nature was in a good measure responsible. He was rough, and sometimes relentless, but he was a true-hearted gentleman, penetrated to his inmost heart with the enthusiasm of humanity. God rest his troubled soul!

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS.

"LET us have peace!" God rends in twain
The shackled thunder-cloud with fire,
And sweeps across the crested main
With trumpet-breath of stormy ire;
The forest breaks beneath the blast,
The freighted ships find dread release;
Then on the storm-cloud, over past,
The sun-god bends the bow of peace.

"Let us have peace!" The fierce sycloon
Sweeps 'round and o'er the Eden isles;
The Arab scents the hot simoon,
The green oasis hides its smiles;
The fairest islands ravaged stand,
The sea-girt shore, with slow decrease,
Is lost in ever-burning sand—
Then once again the earth has "peace."

"Let us have peace!" The pent up fires
Slumbering within the earth's fair breast,
Consume like fierce and wild desires,
When prison'd in the heart, compres't;
The earthquake opes its yawning maw,
Volcanic fires find swift release:
And then, responsive to heaven's law,
The earth and ocean are at "peace."

"Let us have peace!" When nation's wail
And tyrants wield the fearful glaive,
When minion's mock in despot's mail,
And unresisting toils the slave,
Wing'd justice springs with sword of flame,
Strikes down the despot's foul increase,
And waging war in Freedom's name,
O'er kings dethroned, heralds peace!

"Let us have peace!" When foul misrule
Usurps the place of calm-brow'd right;
When knaves and sycophants can school
Their souls to blackness, falsehood's night;
Then retribution's trumpet call
Awakes the wronged to find surcease
Of misery in the bloody pall,
Or respite from their woes in peace.

"Let us have peace!" Yes, when the bond
Of groaning millions pleads no more;
When unto Freedom's gaping wound
War's dread libations cease to pour,
When shameless murder, outraged law,
And nameless tortures all shall cease;
When Justice reigns without a flaw,
O'er all the land—then give us peace.

"Let us have peace!" When link by link
The golden chain of love is wrought;
When errors, one by one, shall sink
Beneath the sun-bright waves of thought;
Nor kings, nor heroes then shall reign—
From our dear land to classic Greece,
One ruler someth to remain,
The queen of heaven, whose name is peace!

FLUSHING, L. I., boasts of the Bowne oak under which George Fox once preached. The tree is but a stump now. Close by is the house, dated 1661, in which he lodged, where an autograph letter of the Quaker founder is shown, whence Mr. Bowne was dragged to prison for holding Friend's meeting within its walls.

THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

A queer little book published in Paris gives the singular origins of many modern men of talent. Halevy's father was a grocer; Rosini is the son of strolling players; Verdi, of an inn-keeper; Auber was born behind a print-shop; and the parents of Victor Masse sold nails.

NOVEMBER.

Hillsides brown with skeleton trees;
Ground with ruddy wind-strewn leaves;
Meadows gleaned of yellow sheaves;
Now begins November.

Whirling gusts of chilling rain
Dash against the window-pane.
Birds delay their flight in vain,
Driven by November.

Purple hills with shimmering haze—
Golden incense, breathing praise;
Loveliest of all the days—
Summer in November.

F.

The old Spanish Padre, who foretold some 200 years ago the existence of a great city upon the bay where San Francisco now stands, may not have been out in his prophecies after all. He said that this future city should be four times laid in ashes, and once destroyed by an earthquake. Four destructive fires already have swept the city away to make place for newer and better structures.

Adaptability in Japan is great. Osaka, only opened in January as a port, is assuming a European aspect; large buildings going up, wide streets laid out, two newspapers under way—one by an Englishman, and the other edited and published by Mr. Wainwright, brother-in-law of ex-President Polk. Shrewd observers say this will eventually be the great commercial emporium of the Empire. The next innovation will be a railroad. The foreign residents already are talking of a railroad between Hoigo and Osaka.

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PARIS, September 8th, 1868.
COUNT SERURIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.
COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIN. } General Secretaries.
To Monsieur Hudson."
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*** All communications are to be addressed. THE RADICAL, Lock Box 132, Boston, Mass.
Published by the PROPRIETORS, 25 Broomfield street, BOSTON.
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